

The ENTERTAINING
NOVELS
OF
Mrs. JANE BARKER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

- I. *EXILIUS*; or, The Banish'd *Roman*.
Written (after the Manner of *Telemachus*)
for the Instruction of some Young Ladies
of Quality.
- II. *Clelia* and *Marcellus*; or, The constant
Lovers.
- III. The Reward of Virtue; or, The Ad-
ventures of *Clarinthia* and *Lysander*.
- IV. The lucky Escape; or, The Fate of
Ismenus.
- V. *Clodius* and *Scipiana*; or, The beautiful
Captive.
- VI. *Piso*; or, The lewd Courtier.
- VII. The happy Recluse; or, The Charms
of Liberty.
- VIII. The fair Widow; or, False Friend.
- IX. The Amours of BOSVIL and GALESIA.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *A. Bettefworth*, in *Pater-noster Row*,
and *E. Curll*, in *Fleet-street*, 1719. PR. 5 s.

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E X I L I U S :

O R,

The Banish'd R O M A N.

A N E W

R O M A N C E,

In T W O P A R T S.

Written after the Manner of TELEMACHUS,
for the Instruction of some Young
LADIES of QUALITY.

By *Mrs.* JANE BARKER.

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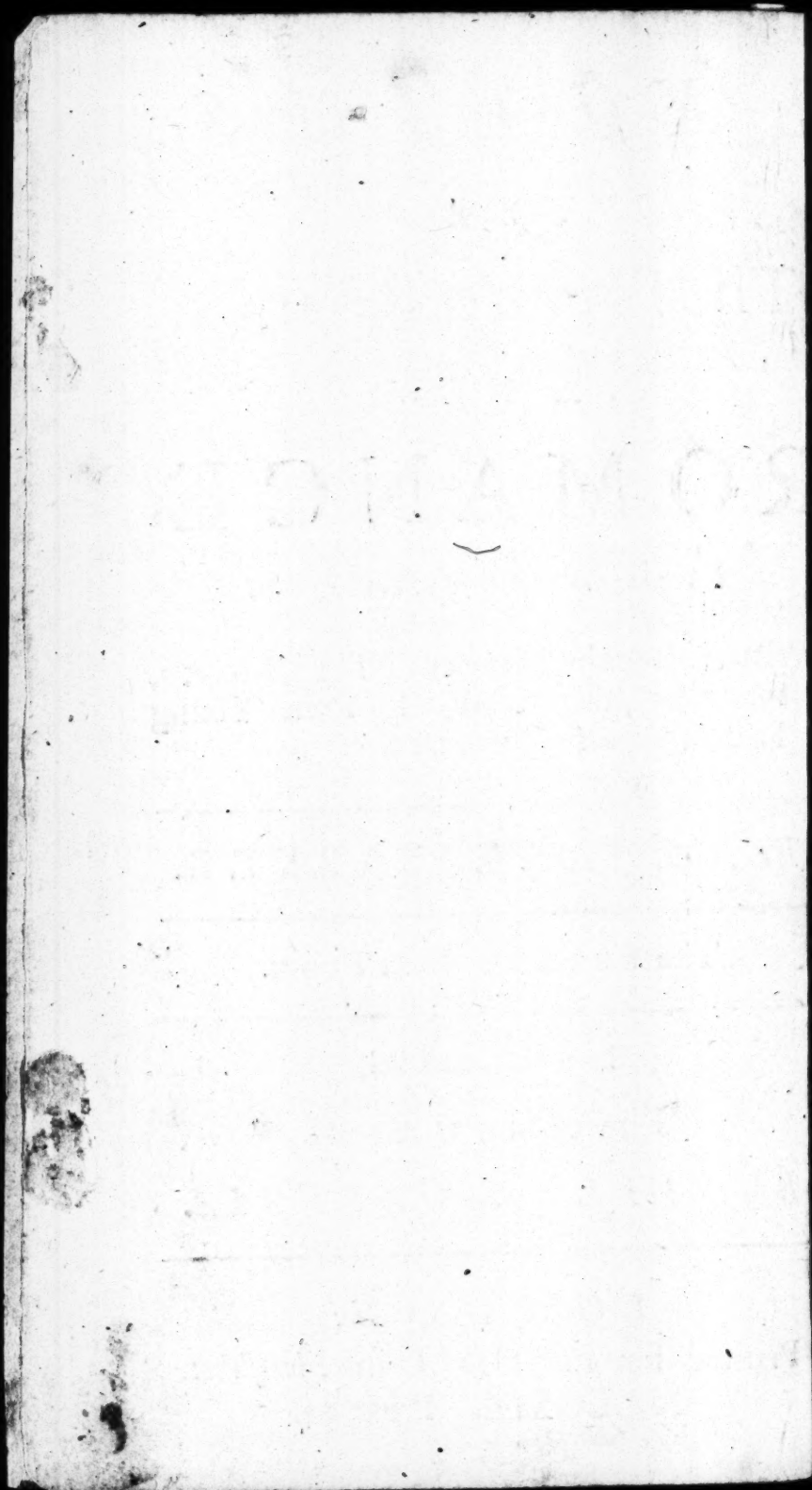
To which is added,

The AMOURS of
B O S V I L and G A L E S I A.

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. CURLL in Fleetstreet.

M.DCC.XIX. Price 3 s.



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The DEDICATION.

those Indecorums and Breaches of Respect, always due to Persons of your Quality and Merit, but especially on such Occasions.

Madam, it was this profound Respect which has long oppos'd my addressing to you in this Kind; and which, I believe, would have wholly suppress'd all such Thoughts in me as too arrogant, but that I was encourag'd by casting an Eye on that great Wit, worthy of his Time, Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, whose Steps, with awful Distance, I now take Leave to trace; and beg this may find the same Acceptance thro' your Goodness, as his found thro' its own Merit; and then I am sure my Roman Heroes will be as safe in the Protection of the Countess of *Exeter*, as his *Arcadians* were in that of the Countess of *Pembroke*. Your Ladyship's Virtue and Prudence having gain'd so absolute an Empire over the Hearts of the World, that none can reject what you are pleas'd to approve, nor slight what you are pleas'd to encourage. So that one gracious Look from your Ladyship will raise my *EXILIUS* from his Dust, and make him live; live in the Hearts of all the Fair, and in the Esteem of all his own Sex, 'till they make his unfashionable Constancy become the newest Mode, by their wearing it, in practising what

'The DEDICATION.

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culed.

that they have so long exploded and ri-

Thus it is in your Ladyship's Power to
reform the World, and restore heroic Love
to its ancient Jurisdiction. It is in your
power, Madam, to dissipate all those Clouds
of Tribulation which encircled these my
Roman Lovers, from the Time of their Se-
paration at *Rome*, 'till their Return to their
Father's House in the Country.

And now, Madam, give me Leave to
pause a little — Was it not *Burleigh house*,
with its Park, Shades, and Walks, that
form'd in me the first Idea of my *Scipio's*
Country Retreat? Most sure it was; for
when I compos'd my *Romance*, I knew no-
thing farther from Home than *Burleigh* and
Northorp. And 'tis as true, that those bright
heroines I have endeavour'd to characte-
rize, are but some faint Resemblances of
the noble Ladies, who inhabited those
magnificent Palaces; amongst whom none has
been a greater Ornament to this noble
family than your Ladyship. I dare not
enter upon the Particulars of those Per-
fections which charm all that know you,
lest I should lessen what I most desire to
commend, they being above my Capacity;
and tho' this be the common Excuse of all
ineffectual Writers, yet, I rather chuse that
written Tract, than deviate into Comple-
ments, which my Education renders me

THE DEDICATION.

uncapable to perform ; therefore shall conclude with the Words of that great Sage *Many Daughters have done virtuously, But thou excellest them all* : Chiefly in Humility and Condescension, in raising me from my Obscurity, to the Honour of subscribing myself, with profound Respect,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

JANE BARKER



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T H E

P R E F A C E.

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E R

T H

THO' I cannot see my Fancy with the Hopes of Praise or Profit from the following Book, yet I am willing to plead its Cause, and deliver it with as fair a Title as I can to my Reader's approbation, to which ('tis said) Books of this Kind have very little Right. For the Grave will like them for treating on so gay a Subject; and the Sparks, for confining the Subject to such strict Rules of Virtue and Honour: So that a Romance is like the Husband in the fable, whose Young Wife pull'd out all his grey hairs, and his Old one, the black. Thus it has been, as it were, rally'd out of Practice, and its Professors laugh'd out of Countenance, while Interest and loose Gallantry have been set in its Place, and monopolized all its Business and Effects. How far this has been an let to that Deluge of Libertinism which has overflow'd the Age, the many unhappy Marriages, and unkind Separations, may inform us, and at the same Time shew how proper an Indifferent Love is towards the making an happy Marriage; for where Love is not the Cement,

The P R E F A C E .

as well as Interest the Foundation, the Superstructure of Conjugal Faith seldom stands long the first Wind that blows at the Change of Honey-Moon, will go near to shake, if not quite overthrow, the Fabrick. Nor can it be otherwise expected, since a Blessing from Heaven attends not on those who enter the holy State of Matrimony thro' the Gate of Perjury, by vowing everlasting Love where their Affections scarce surmount Indifferency, but count upon a Beau Gallant or a Coquet Mistress, to answer all Hymeneal Happiness; so it is but just the fail of that Felicity in their Espousals, they aim'd not at in their Courtship. To these it is not strange that heroic Love appears a Fantom or Chimera; but to those who aim at a happy Marriage, by the Way of Virtue and Honour need consider but very little, to find that it lies thro', or borders upon, Heroic Love; so that Romances (which commonly treat of this virtuous Affection) are not to be discarded as wholly Useless.

In the next Place, the Study of these Books helps to open the Understanding of young Readers, to distinguish between real Worth and superficial Appearances, whereby they discern that it is not a laced Coat, or a large Wig, that makes a Cæsar or a Scipio; nor all the Utensils of the Toilet can make a compleat Heroine but true Virtue and Honour: Wherefore, one may reasonably conclude, that it is many Times Want of Helps to make this Distinction, which

cause

The P R E F A C E.

causes young People to make Shipwreck of their Fortune. The hopeful young Heir brings Home a Player or Exchange-Maid, wherewith to sell his Father's greyHairs; and the young Lady recompenses her Mother's careful Education with some beggarly Beau, or rake-hell Gamester, who, perhaps, never had Luck in his Life but in winning of her. Whereas, 'tis to be hoped, that a View of those worthy Characters which Romances represent, might assist them to avoid such dangerous Naufrages, and fix their Affections where Duty and Merit require: And not only so, but even in a regular Affection, they may find Assistance from these Kind of Writings, to demean themselves gracefully. For, since Love is the Passion which generally attends Youth, it is very hard they should be the only Part of Mankind that must act a Scene on this World's Theatre, without being permitted to choose on their Part before-hand. But beside these Love-Lectures, the young Readers may also reap many Handfuls of good Morality, and likewise gather some Gleanings of History, and Acquaintance with the ancient Poets. In short, I think I may say of Romances, as Mr. Herbert says of Poetry, and hope, that a pleasant Story may find him who flies a serious Lecture.

I might add many Things to evince the Advantage as well as the Innocence of these Kind of Writings; but since the Archbishop of Cambray and Mr. Dryden have done it in Fact,

The PREFACE.

I think I need say no more, but refer my Reader to those great Authors, whose Writings have pleas'd all the World; tho' I think I may say, none have found better Reception than their Romances, Telemachus on the one Part, and Chaucer's Tales reviv'd on the other.

Now, after what has been alledg'd in general, something may be expected of this in particular; but that's very difficult, it being as necessary to praise one's own Writing, as to complement one's own Face; and to dispraise it, is to hinder the Bookseller, and affront the Reader in offering him a Book not worth ones own Suffrage. However, one may venture (without Offence) to use the Words of some that have read it in Manuscript: First, that the Author was certainly in Love when 'twas wrote; so, 'tis to be hoped, that that Passion is rightly represented. In the next Place 'twas liked, because 'twas free from long Speeches, and tedious Descriptions of Towns, Places, Sieges, Battles, Horses and their Trappings, &c. Nevertheless, I have since put in one Description, (and but one) which is pretty long, and that is of a Garden; but it being added since the Book was compos'd, those who love not Descriptions may pass it over unread, without any Prejudice to the substantial Part of the Story.

Another Reader was pleas'd to say, It was a Mark of great Virtue in the Author, that could render such an idle Subject both pure and useful; so, 'tis to be hoped, there is nothing opposite to real Virtue;

The P R E F A C E.

virtue. I am sure, if I knew or thought there
were, I would burn both the Copy and my Fin-
gers, rather than employ them towards its Pub-
lication; but I trust it is such, as no Body need
be afraid to read, nor the Author blush to own. 'Tis
true, there are the Characters of two or three
general Persons; but they are inserted by Way of Ab-
horrence. The Story of Turpius, indeed, is so
unnatural, that if I could have alter'd, or taken
it away, without unravelling the whole, I would
have done it, and not have made the Daughter
of so ill a Man, Wife to so great an Hero; nor
would have compos'd so improbable a Story, but
that I had heard of such a Kind of Transaction
in our Times, and so wrote the Character to ren-
der it detestable. I call him Turpius, as being
more wicked than Clodius, who was such an ill
living in his Time, as caus'd that Proverb, Clo-
dius accusat Mæchos. But if these Characters
are disagreeable to the serious Reader, there are
others to make amends: But whether there be
any that will hit the general Humour of the
Age or not, is doubtful; since there is none
that will teach a Gentleman to scorn his Country-
seat, nor a Tradesman his Shop. Lewdness is
not approv'd in Youth, nor Moroseness made
the Character of Old Age; the latter of which,
I think, has been the crying Fault of many of
these Kinds of Writings. The elder, and con-
sequently the wiser Part of Mankind, have been
render'd ridiculous, morose, and troublesome,
if good Humour was inconsistent with Tears
and

The P R E F A C E.

and both *Wit* and *Manners* to be laid aside, together with tawdry *Cloaths*; and as the *Face* ceases to be smooth, the *Manners* must grow rough. Such *Characters*, as they are an *Affront* to the *Aged*, so they are often prejudicial to the *Young*, who are too apt to build *Disobedience* on that *Foundation*; and when their wise *Parents* oppose their *Follies*, are apt to draw a *Parallel* between them and those ill *Characters* they have met withal. This *Consideration*, I think, ought to make every *Author* careful how he represents these *Persons*; one *Stroke* of a *Pen* being capable of doing more *Mischief* than many *Volumes* can repair.

As to the *Historical Part*, I suppose the *Reader* does not expect much *Exactness*, it being a *Romance*, not an *History*; so, it matters not who, or who, were *Co-temporaries*; but there having been such and such *Names* and *Families*, one may reasonably suppose that some of the *Children*, or *Branches* of those *Families*, flourish'd all at the same *Time*; which is sufficient to vindicate the *Book*, in that *Point*, from extreme *Absurdity*.

The *Language*, I hope, the *Reader* will accept as it is, it being the familiar *Stile* of the *Age*, neither so obsolete, nor so refin'd, as to render it obtruse; at least, I design'd it so: But if in this, or any *Thing* else, I have fail'd to gratify the *Reader's Expectation*, I am very ready to beg *Pardon*, correct, and amend. In the mean *Time*, adieu.

EXILIUS:

EXILIUS:

O R,

The Banish'd ROMAN.

A NEW

ROMANCE,

In TWO PARTS.

PART I. BOOK I.

NIGHT having withdrawn her
fable Curtains, discover'd the
bright *Aurora* rising, whose
Beauty illustrated the whole
Hemisphere, and thereby excited *Clelia*,
the fair Niece of *Publius Scipio*, to her early
Devotions, in a Grove near her Uncle
Scipio's House, where stood a Chapel dedi-
cated

2 E X I L I U S : Or,

cated to the Goddess of the Morning. After which, she took a Walk in the Grove for the Pleasure of the cool Morning Air perfum'd with the natural Product of the Earth ; as also to hear the Musick of the winged Choiresters, whose wild Notes were no less delightful than those well-compos'd Ayres, sung in Honour of the aforesaid Goddess. Here she had not took many Turns, but, lifting up her Eyes, she saw a Youth in the Habit of a Page approaching her ; who, coming near, cast his Arms about her Neck, saying, My dear *Clelia*, what Happiness have I to meet thee here ! *Clelia*, both angry and astonish'd, gave him a Reprimand suitable to his Crime and her own Indignation ; at which, the Youth pulling off some little Disguise, said, Dear Cousin, behold your affectionate Kinswoman *Scipiana* ! At which, *Clelia*, quite transported with Joy, embrac'd her with all the Tenderness that Love and Excess of Satisfaction could produce ; then seating themselves, *Clelia* desir'd *Scipiana* to inform her the Cause of her long Absence, and how she came thus metamorphos'd. To which *Scipiana* answer'd, That her Adventures were so many, as would make the History too long to recite at that Time ; therefore begg'd *Clelia* rather to let her know what had attended her since their Separation at *Rome*, and what Turns of Fortune had brought

As brought her into the Country, a Place and
 of Life so little agreeable to her
 Inclinations, or, more properly speaking,
 which was so much her Aversion. To
 which *Clelia* readily accorded, and con-
 sidering it too early to present *Scipiana* to
 her Father, thereby to disturb his Morn-
 ing Repose, they entertain'd themselves
 in the following Relation.

The HISTORY of CLELIA.

YOU know, Madam, said *Clelia*, that
 I always liv'd at *Rome*, under the
 conduct of my wife and honourable Pa-
 rents, the noble *Fabius*, my Father, and the
 virtuous *Cornelia*, my Mother, your illu-
 strious Aunt; a Lady truly honourable in
 her Birth, Marriage, and all the Actions
 of her Life. Here I had the Happiness to
 enjoy your Company sometimes, tho' not
 so often as my Love and Esteem made me
 desire; for this charming Solitude, in
 which you delighted, depriv'd me and the
 rest of your Friends of that Felicity. The
 last Time was at the Triumph of your
 Brother, the incomparable *Asiaticus*, after
 his *Asian* Conquest, which was the greatest
 Augmentation of the *Roman* Glory that
 ever Hero yet acquir'd: And as it gave a
 most sensible Joy to all honourable Minds,
 so, more-especially to us the near Relations
 of

of the Conqueror. Nevertheless, this happy Time was the Beginning of my Misfortunes; for I being with you, amongst the rest of the *Roman* Ladies, to make our Complements to the Triumpher, according to the *Roman* Custom, I was surpriz'd at the graceful Mien of *Marcellus*, who regarded me with an Air so full of Respect and Gallantry, as if he dedicated to me all the Part he had in that Day's Solemnity. At least, I flatter'd myself with this Opinion; and I fear this is a Fault which Maids of all Ranks are too often guilty of; we take Complements for Kindness, Kindness for Affection, Affection for Passion, and so on, 'till we too late find our Mistake, and know that Self-flattery, and a secret Belief of our own Merits, betray us more than those we call False Lovers.

Next Day after the Triumph, you may remember, Madam, that you and I went to render our Respects to *Asiaticus*, where resorted all the Ladies, as well as the great Commanders of the Army, paying him the Honours of a happy Conqueror and a glorious Triumpher. *Asiaticus*, according to his accusom'd Generosity, attributed all to their Courage; so, making them partake of the Honours they offer'd him. To which *Marcellus* merrily answer'd, That they ought not to ascribe too much to their Swords in the Presence of Ladies, whose Eyes were capable

The Banish'd Roman.

5

capable of making greater Conquests than
the Empire of *Asia*. To which I reply'd,
that if we were all bright as *Jemella*, and
our Enemies amorous as *Marcellus*, we
might pretend to subdue the Universe;
their Marriage being no Way a Secret,
thought one might name her in Publick
without Breach of Civility. To which
Marcellus made several Returns, by Way of
Flattery, saying, That *Jemella*'s early Beau-
ty was very bright; yet, when the Sun
sets, we cease to adore the Morning Star,
having a more illustrious Object for our
adorations. In this Kind of Prattle we
entertain'd our selves, whilst *Asiaticus* was
speaking much in Favour of a certain Stran-
ger, who had done Things very extraordi-
nary in that Expedition. 'Tis true, reply'd
Cypriana, I remember my Brother spake
much in Commendation of an unknown
Person, in Terms so advantageous, as seem'd
rather the Effect of his Generosity than
the Stranger's Merit; for you know my
Brother is endow'd with that excellent
Quality in a peculiar Manner; but Time
and divers Occasions have taught me that
this Stranger's Worth needed not those
Commendations which proceed from Ge-
nerosity, bare Justice giving him the Cha-
racter of a compleat Hero, as I shall here-
after inform you; but at present beg you
to proceed in your Discourse.

Madam,

6 EXILIUS : Or,

Madam, said *Clelia*, it is not proper for me to describe to you any of the Grandeur or Magnificence of *Rome* at that Time, your self being a Spectator, or rather, your Beauty and Merit making a principal Part of the Solemnity.

When the Time prescrib'd had put a Period to these glorious Diversions, and that we were ready to attend your Ladyship, together with *Asiaticus*, to this your Father's Country-House, here to celebrate the Marriage between you and my Brother *Fabius*, according to the Agreement and Desire of our Relations on all Sides ; you may please to remember how *Fabius*, being wounded in the Street, the Night before our intended Journey, was detain'd, and I with him, to attend his Recovery. We suppos'd that my Brother receiv'd this Wound from the Hand of that lewd Wretch *Clodius*, because he has never been seen at *Rome* since. True, reply'd *Scipiana*, it was *Clodius* did that unworthy Action ; for he has avow'd as much to me since, which renders him so perfectly my Aversion, that I can hardly repeat his Name with common Patience, nor think on him but with a sensible Indignation. But I will not enlarge at present, thereby to deprive myself a Moment of that Discourse I have begg'd of my dear *Clelia*.

Whilst

The Banish'd Roman.

7

Whilst my Brother's Wound detain'd him
(said *Clelia*) *Marcellus* made divers Visits,
partly out of Respect and Kindness to him,
and partly to find an Opportunity to disco-
ver his Passion to me, which in a few Days
happen'd. *Fabius* being asleep, I was re-
ceiv'd into the Closet, where *Marcellus* en-
tering, took the Opportunity to cast him-
self at my Feet, and make his Address to
me with all the Tenderness that a Respect
due to my Quality could permit, and the
suddenness of the Occasion dictate: Which
I receiv'd with a pretended Displeasure, as
counting it an Affront to my Virtue, that
he, being espous'd to another, should offer
me his Love; to which he return'd, (with
much Patience) that a Marriage made in
Minority, and never consummated, was
nothing in Effect, and such was that be-
tween him and *Jemella*; which I knew
very well without his Information: But
the Consideration of the many Difficulties
that wou'd arise by Means of this Contract
with *Jemella*, made me oppose him, not
only in this first Onset, but in divers other
Attacks of that Kind. Nor was it only
this Chaos of Confusion, which I knew must
necessarily fall between these three noble
Houses, but my virtuous generous Soul
had an Aversion to any indirect Proceed-
ing, and my own Heart told me in what
Manner *Jemella* must resent such an Af-
front;

8 EXILIUS: Or,

front; yet these, and many more reasonable Considerations cou'd not hinder some tender Thoughts from taking Root in my Heart, which have since brought forth such Fruits of Folly, as I shall let you know in the Sequel. I will not repeat to you Madam, the divers Conflicts of my Thought and the Agitation of my Mind on this Occasion; for my Interior labour'd as it were under a Fever and Ague, burning with an irresistible Inclination for *Marcellus*, and trembling with the Apprehension of so irregular an Affection, of which I saw no Possibility of Cure, but by the immediate Help of the Powers Divine; for which Cause I went to the High Priest of *Jupiter* my particular Friend; to him I open'd my Heart, and begg'd his holy Aid and Counsel; who advis'd me to make my Devotions in the Temple of *Jupiter*, where many had been favour'd with satisfactory Answers. This Counsel I put in Practice as soon as possible, and having perform'd my Sacrifice with all due Ceremony, the Oracle answer'd;

*The Gods will never disapprove
The sacred Bonds of mutual Love.*

Having receiv'd this Answer, and the Benediction of the High Priest, I turn'd my self to go away, and thereupon discover'd

over'd the Face of a certain Person, who
 had lain before the Altar all the Time of
 the Service in great Devotion. This Person,
 notwithstanding the Disguise he wore, I
 knew to be *Marcellus*, and he as soon knew
 me thro' the Veil with which I was cover'd,
 and accompanying me out of the Temple,
 he fail'd not to enforce the propitious An-
 swer of the Gods, to justify his Pretensions,
 and obtain my Consent, which, embellish'd
 by his Wit and Gallantry, put me so far
 from a Non-plus, I scarce knew what to re-
 ply; only I told him, that whatsoever the
 Gods might seem to consent to in their du-
 tious Oracles, a young Lady ought to in-
 terpret their Meaning according to the
 dictates of filial Obedience, and to have
 no other Will but that of her Parents. In
 this Answer I did, as it were, give my
 Consent; nor could I longer support my
 pretended Dislike of his Passion, after ha-
 ving been discover'd soliciting the Gods
 for that Purpose.

Marcellus having gain'd this Point, lost
 no Opportunity to ask me of my Father;
 for the same Day coming to visit my Bro-
 ther, he found my Father by the Bed-side,
 who began to rally at the young Gallants
 of the Age, who were so cold in their
 Amours, and by that Means gave Oppor-
 tunity to their Rivals to enterprize against
 them; even you, *Marcellus* (continued he).
 will

10 EXILIUS: Or,

will delay your Time, 'till some keen bladed Rival lay you in your Bed, like *Fabius*. To which *Marcellus* reply'd, (with more Affection than Prudence) saying, My Lord, I want but your Consent to secure me from that Danger; for, had I that, I might hope the fair *Clelia* and I might be so far united as to prevent all designing Rivals. This unexpected Answer not only surpriz'd, but highly displeas'd my Father, in Consideration of *Femella*, whom all the World look'd upon as Wife to *Marcellus*; so consequently deem'd himself affronted, and me dishonour'd in this Address; wherefore he charg'd *Marcellus* never to come near me, and forbid me all Correspondence with him; in which my Mother co operating, I was a kind of Prisoner at large, under their diligent Observation. Moreover, to render the Proceeding thoroughly just and honourable, my Father advertis'd my Lord *Marcellus*, Father to my Lover, and *Lucullus*, Father to *Femella*. For which Cause *Marcellus* confin'd his Son to his Apartment, consulting in the mean Time with *Lucullus* what Measures to take in this Affair. I at the same Time suffer'd much in the Reproaches made me by my Father, Mother, and Brother, for having forgot mine own Honour, and the Honour of my Family, in entertaining a secret Amour, and that too, with one espoused to another;

The Banish'd Roman.

I I

keen ; which Reprimands I must needs
like were no more than the Crime deserv'd,
(with very suitable to those strict Rules of
g, My virtue and Honour they always practis'd,
secure and in which they instructed me their dear
that, Disciple and darling Daughter. Now,
ght be so Reason oblig'd me to receive these
gning reproofs with Moderation and Respect,
t only et the Tendernefs I had for *Marcellus*
ather, made me so far transgress my Duty, as to
all the and out Opportunities to correspond with
us ; for him by Letters, Presents, Messages, and
d, and he like ; which was not hard to do, by
efore reason the Domesticks on both Sides were
e near observient to our Inclinations. This kind
e with secret Correspondence to me now ap-
ing, I ears so great a Fault in a young Lady,
e their that I can never forgive myself, therefore
o ren- wonder not if my Friends remain dis-
d ho- oblig'd ; for tho' the Intercourse be never so
Lord innocent, and the Design never so honour-
Lucul- ble, (as was this between me and *Marcel-*
Cause us) yet it carries with it such an Umbrage
apart- of Unworthiness, as extremely clouds and
with disfigures a Lady's Reputation, in the Opi-
is Af- nion of all, even the most kind and gene-
much ous Part of the World, but egregiously in
ather, he malicious and censorious Part of Man-
orgot kind. However, this pass'd not long un-
f my discover'd by our vigilant Parents ; where-
mour, fore my Father, all on a sudden, took me
ano- in his Chariot, and brought me hither, not
ther ; letting

letting me know it was my Uncle's House, I left I should advertise *Marcellus* of the Place of my Residence; at the same Time giving out that I was gone into *Egypt*; to my Aunt *Fabiell*, who is there marry'd to the Prince of the Blood Royal of the *Ptolomy*. After a few Days, my Uncle came to me and let me know that it was in his House which I was detain'd. He encourag'd and promis'd me all Kindness, assuring himself I would act nothing contrary to Duty and Honour; so, leading me out of the little Captivity of my Chamber, gave me the Command of his House and Family.

At this Time it was, that we heard the fatal News of your being lost, as also your Brother, the Noble *Asiaticus*, and that my Brother *Fabius* had left *Rome*, and was gone in Search after you; of all which we never since heard any Tidings. My good Uncle, your Father, was pleas'd to say, his Affliction was extremely mitigated by my being with him, which I count the Effect of his Goodness; but I am sure his Wisdom, Patience, and Resignation under his Sufferings, have been such Lectures to me, as I hope I never shall forget; for as none ever experienc'd the Mutability of human Affairs more thoroughly than my Uncle, none ever bore it with a greater Equanimity of Mind, in which he demonstrated himself a true noble *Roman*, well deserving the

s House the worthy Character he had acquir'd,
 he Place whose Virtue is built on such strong Bases,
 e giving the Shocks of Fortune cannot move,
 to much less overthrow : Nevertheless, he is
 y'd to Mortal, not a Deity, and human Nature
 Ptolom would oftentimes exert its Right in many
 e to tears and Lamentations for your Loss,
 House and the Loss of the illustrious *Asiaticus*.

ag'd and Whilst I join'd my Grievs here with my
 him self, *Marcellus* remain'd still at Rome,
 duty and main'd in his Father's House. Now hear-
 ne little of my being gone into *Egypt*, he began
 me to be out of Patience at his Confinement,
 y. putting him out of all Possibility of sol-
 ard to saving me; and finding no Means to ac-
 tso you mplish his enlargement but by addressing
 hat m himself to the Senate, he was forc'd to put
 as go on that in Execution, tho' otherwise
 e never y unwilling to make publick the pri-
 d Unde the Animosities between him and his Fa-
 his A ther. Whilst this was in Debate in the
 by m ate, the Rabble of *Rome*, who readily
 e Effect certain any Pretext for Mutiny, assembled
 Wisdom themselves about the Capitol, demanded
 his Su ice, declaring that they would not
 me, sfer a young Nobleman, who had serv'd
 as non bravely in the War, to be oppress'd, or
 human strain'd by the Caprice of a covetous
 ncle, fther, and such kind of Insolence, sui-
 nimitable to a Mob, the most ungovernable
 ed him t of the Creation, who have no Law
 serving their Will, and their Will prompted

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by

by their irregular Appetites, or Fancies; yet these are too often the Legislators of our State, which is the greatest Misfortune belonging to a Government.

You know, Madam, (continu'd *Clodius*) that *Marcellus* never valu'd the Honour of a popular Applause, as knowing it proceeds from Humour or Passion, not from Merit of the Person to whom they pretend to direct it; but especially, their Kindness was now ungrateful to him, fearing it might displease as well as expose me, and irritate my Father against him; however it had its Effect; for the Senate, whether unwilling to displease the Mob, or willing to please *Marcellus*, gave him his Liberty, which he soon employ'd in going to find out in *Egypt*, as believing me really to be gone thither. In Order to this, he took a Journey towards *Cajeta*, a Port near that Place, and most commodious for a Voyage into *Egypt*; but so it fell out, that he lost his Way in the Night, and arriv'd here, being in disguise, thereby the better to avoid any Opposition in his Passage, that might be made by the Practice of his Enemies, or *Lucullus*, *Femella's* Father.

In this Transaction I cannot but reflect with Veneration on the Providence of our Gods, and the Care of our good Generals, who, unknown to our selves, and contrary to our Wills, mislead us (if I may)

into the right Way, and conduct us
 of unknown Paths, to what we desire,
 at least, to what is best for us, whilst
 our own blind Will, or rather our pur-
 sued Reason, wou'd serve only to train us
 into inextricable Labyrinths of Difficulties
 and Confusion. How useful then, and
 beneficial is the Virtue of Resignation, and
 our Submission to the Powers divine?
 to return to *Marcellus*, to whom be-
 longing the Application. He was kindly en-
 gaged by my Uncle's Servants, and by
 his Grace was put to lodge in an Apartment
 which extended itself near mine; tho' the
 Passage by which one enters be far distant.
 When it was he heard me talk to my Maids,
 who knew my Voice so well, as to be con-
 vinced of my being there, which put a Pe-
 riod to his intended Voyage into *Egypt*.
 The next Morning he walk'd forth into this
 Grove, full of an unquiet Satisfaction, for
 having found me there, he was ignorant how
 to come to see or speak to me. Walking
 thus musing, and casting many Things in
 his Mind, he at last found at the other Side of
 the Grove a little House, which he thought
 might be subservient to his Purpose, and
 therefore hired it of my Uncle's Steward,
 and in a few Days, according to his Wish,
 began to come in these Walks, for I come here
 very often to adore the Goddess *Aurora* at
 her Morning Sacrifice. It was in that little

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Chapel that I saw and knew him, notwithstanding his Disguise; for, the very first Glance of his Eyes discover'd him to be the whole *Marcellus*; the brave, the amorous *Marcellus*; and I, no Doubt, soon discover'd my self to be the tender overjoy'd *Clelia*. I cannot but take Notice, how, by divine Providence, we met a second Time in Devotion, and our Hearts discover'd their tender Sentiments twice unawares before the Altar of the Gods, which I apply'd according to the Dictates of Inclination, and so believ'd to be a Mark that the Gods were favourable to, and approv'd of, this our Amour, and in the End would bless it with Success.

I soon gave him Opportunity to speak to me, in which he most instantly begg'd to conceal his being there, 'till by the intercession of his Friends he had treated with the Senate, and *Jemella's* Parents about the Breach of that Contract made in his Minority, which would be better accomplish'd in his Absence, all the World believing him gone into *Egypt*. I confided in his Truth and Sincerity, promis'd him all Secrecy; he in the mean Time pretending to my Uncle's Servants, and the Country People with whom Necessity oblig'd him to converse, that he was a young Officer of the Army, that left the World of Devotion, and there try'd to accustom himself

himself to a solitary Life, in Contempla-
 tion of the celestial Beings, which indeed
 is partly true; for he furnish'd himself
 with many devout Books, in which, no
 doubt, he meditated; and for his Recre-
 ation he had his Musick, of which, you
 know, he is a great Master. I saw him as
 often as I could in the little Chapel, and
 sometimes in the Walks, where he found
 opportunities to give me Letters, contain-
 ing large Accounts of his Passion, to which
 I made him some Answers in Writing, for
 we cou'd not correspond verbally, or, at
 least, but very little without Suspicion.
 Thus, my dear *Scipiana*, I gave under my
 own Hand the Certificates of my Folly,
 and sign'd the Testimonials of my Indis-
 cretion; for sure there is not a greater Im-
 pudence, than for a young Lady to write
 to her Lover: I am now sensible it never
 ought to be done, no, not even on the Ac-
 count of Denials or Reprimands, much less
 to give any Assurance of Kindness; for
 many Lovers aim no farther than to ob-
 tain these Marks of Conquest, that among
 their Companions, they may triumph in
 showing these Trophies of their Victory,
 at least, the following Part of *Marcellus's*
 Assertions seem to evince this Assertion.

A certain Widow Lady, nam'd *Libidinia*,
 living near this Place, my intimate Friend,
 and the Confident of my Love, gave me

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divers little discreet Hints of his Inconstancy, which I must have understood perfectly if my Reason had not been rock-asleep with a full Perswasion of his Virtue. She often remonstrated to me the Falseness of the Sex, the Satisfaction they took in betraying ours; that the Vanity of boasting their Conquest, was more pleasing to 'em than the Conquest itself; nay one of the chief Motive of their pretended Passion, that a young Lady cou'd never be too liberal of her Favours towards 'em, forasmuch as that they interpret every Look and Word in Favour of themselves, and the smallest Complacency as a Mark of the greatest Kindness; that even the most virtuous of them think it no Crime to falsify their Vows to us, but rather deem it a commendable Piece of Gallantry; with many other Instructions of this Kind, which I took as Testimonies of her Friendship and Discretion, but thought not in the least that it belong'd to me and *Marcellus* 'till I found him begin to grow remiss, and several Days pass'd that I neither met him in these Walks, nor in *Aurora's* Chapel, nor receiv'd any manner of Address or Message from him; then, Indeed, I began to fear I was like to be a President in the Lectures. I must confess, (said *Scipio* interrupting her) I have much Difficulty to believe *Marcellus* false, it being incompatible

Incapable with his noble Nature, and the
 rules of human Society, after having so
 only avow'd his Passion to you, in Pre-
 sence of the noble *Lucullus* and his fair
 daughter *Jemella*, for him to act an Infi-
 nity, or even an Indifferency, would ren-
 der him not only unworthy of his Name
 and Family, but the worst of Miscreants,
 deserving human Society; wherefore I
 beg you to suspend your Anger, and be
 pleas'd to finish your Story.

Libidinia, said *Clelia*, perceiving me un-
 der this negligent Treatment, went
 secretly to visit him at his House, thereby
 to inform herself, if possible, of the Cause
 of this sudden Change. At her Return she
 told me he was sick, which Information
 affected me extremely, as was manifest by
 my Tears; for Sickness is always a State
 to be pity'd, but was now deplorable, in
 consideration of what he might suffer for
 want of Assistance and Attendance, which
 was difficult to be had in that unhappy
 situation, into which, for my Sake he had
 thrown himself. This made me redouble my
 Tears and Tears with many sorrowful Com-
 plaints, in all which, *Libidinia*, as a com-
 mon Friend, bore a Part; and taking
 her Handkerchief to dry her Eyes,
 she fell out of her Pocket a little Picture,
 which I knew to be my Portraiture, that

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I had given him in Testimony of my Affection, and Belief of his Fidelity. The Sight of this did very much surprize me, not knowing how to iaterpret the Meaning *Libidinia*, after a considerable Pause; said my dear *Clelia*, I can no longer disguise the Truth, *Marcellus* is more distemper'd in Mind than Person, for he has made me a thousand Protestations of the most tender Passion in the World; which indeed did not very much surprize me, by Reason of the many little Hints and Advances he had divers Times directed to me, which occasion'd me so frequently to advise you of this Way of Precaution; but now, having an Opportunity, he discharg'd his false Heart to me in as false Words, leaving nothing unsaid that might assert a real Passion, and when I endeavour'd to make him sensible of his Crime, by shewing him your Picture, which was pinn'd up just by his bed, and withal repeated to him your innumerable Virtues, and particular Goodness towards him, in having, for his Sake, risked the Love of your Parents, the Esteem of all serious and judicious People, and dedicated to his Love only, that Youth and Beauty, which ought to be the Object of many Adorers. The ungrateful Wretch (continu'd she) with many opposite Replies gave me the Picture, telling me, he found nothing charming in it, nor in its Ori-

al, since his Eyes were blest'd with the
 beauties of *Libidinia*. This Infidelity, said
Libidinia, whether real or feigned, is alike
 unpardonable; for, whether he abus'd my
 Friend in an absolute Act of Perfidy, or
 in a feign'd Gallantry, I count our
 selves both equally and doubly affronted;
 I deem whatsoever is done to my Friend
 done to myself, and I doubt not but my
Clelia has the same Sentiment on my Be-
 half; and it was the Consideration of this
 unworthy Behaviour to us both that caus'd
 my Sighs and Tears, more than his Indif-
 ference, tho' I endeavour'd for your Sake
 to disguise the Truth for the Present, 'till
 my Industry cou'd Work your Heart into
 the same Kind of Indifferency towards him.
 That Fortune has extorted the Secret from
 me sooner than I intended; wherefore, Ma-
 dam, I can only recommend to you to join
 with me in a just Resentment of his Un-
 worthiness; banish, detest, and abhor him,
 as the worst of Criminals.

The Knowledge of this his Falshood,
 continu'd *Clelia*, enrag'd me to the last De-
 gree; and now, too late, I was sensible of
 my Folly, in contracting an Amour, and
 carrying on a Correspondence of that Con-
 sequence, against the Consent of my wise
 and honourable Parents. Now I perceiv'd
 my Sorrow, how Passion had clos'd the
 Gates of my Understanding, and rock'd my

Reason into a Lethargy, otherwise I should have foreseen his Falshood in the Person of the abandon'd *Jemella*. But the just Gods were pleas'd that I should thus find my Crime in my Punishment, and so have aveng'd the Cause of that wrong'd Lady, as to make her Disgrace light on my Head, and that Willow Wreath I vainly thought her Due, was now become a Crown for my forsaken Temples. My Heart, which has often treated its amorous Thoughts at her Cost, now languish'd in Despair, and became a Prey to all the gnawing Regrets that attend a slighted Maid. I who have neglected the Documents of my Parents, now became neglected by him, for whose Sake I had thus overlook'd my Duty. He who had, by my disobedient and unwarrantable Conduct, in some Degree tarnish'd the Glory of my illustrious Family, was now liable to have my Virtue, Youth, and Innocence obscured and sully'd with whatsoever false Shadows the malicious World should think fit to draw on this Occasion. In fine, every Thing appear'd to me with an hideous Face, and was the more terrible, by Reason that my self was the only Cause of this Deformity of Affairs; for 'tis certain no Reproach is like Self-Reprouch, nor any Misfortune so hard to undergo, as what we draw upon our selves. Then judge, Madam, in what Anxiety of Thoughts my poor

He

heart labour'd. But after the first Efforts
 my Anger were past, I begg'd *Libidinia*
 agitate in this Matter as she thought fit,
 ly in Gross I desir'd her to restore him a
 tain Nosegay of Jewels, which he had
 presented me, and charge him never to see
 me more.

In this State, dear Cousin, are my Af-
 fairs at present, being under great Difficul-
 ty what to do; for I am asham'd to disco-
 ver to my Uncle his being here in Disguise,
 and unwilling to let him remain so any
 longer, after such Treatment. I shall trust
 your Wisdom and Goodness, to deliver
 me out of this Dilemma; but at present, if
 we will go in, for, no Doubt, by
 this Time my Uncle is stirring, whose
 happiness in the Sight of you, ought not
 to be deferr'd.

BOOK II.

MARCELLUS being pretty well re-
 cover'd of his Illness, walk'd out to
 take the Air; but not daring to approach
 those Walks which *Clelia* frequented, (by
 means of her late Prohibition) he took the
 way of the great Forest, which extends its
 confines to the Sea-Coast, and being debi-
 lated by his Sickness, betook himself to a
 Seat,

Seat, where he heard the Voices of some distressed Persons, complaining one to another of their past and present Misfortune. *Marcellus*, according to his natural Goodness, address'd his Steps towards the Place, and there found two Men and a Woman set upon a mossy Bank, under a Cluster of Bushes, which they design'd that Night for their Lodging. *Marcellus*, with great Courtesy, invited them to his House, which Favour they gladly accepted, and being come thither, he desir'd them, if it might consist with their Conveniency, to inform him what hard Fortune had reduc'd them to these Necessities, from which, by the Mein, they ought to have a perfect Immunity. To this the Strangers readily accorded, and whilst Supper and Beds were preparing, the Lady, at the Desire of the others, began as follows :

The HISTORY of CLARINTHIA

MY Name, said she, is *Clarinthia*, Daughter to *Turpius*, and the sole lawful Heiress of all his great Riches: But the Irregularity of his Life makes me almost ashamed to own him for my Father; his large Possessions not being able to cover nor the Weight of his Riches to poize, the Infamy of his Actions; which filial Respect and Prudence wou'd oblige me to conceal.

Were they not too much known to all the World already. Besides, when such Benefactors as you all are, call for a Recital, it Good Heaven that speaks, and commands a Place true and undisguis'd Relation.

In my Childhood I was very intimate with *Scipiana*, Daughter to *Publius Scipio*, who also her elder Brother *Scipio*, who since, by his great Actions in the Conquest of *Asia*, has obtain'd the Name of *Asiaticus*, as I have heard, for I have not seen him since he was dignify'd with that Title, and therefore in my Discourse know him by no other Name than that of *Scipio*; who, tho' young as he was, appear'd sensible of that Passion which at one Time or other charms all Hearts; these his tender Sentiments he express'd to me in little innocent Efforts, suitable to his Years and my Simplicity. Being ready to go for *Athens*, to compleat his Studies, he endeavour'd to make me promise him not to accept of the Addresses of any Lover during his Absence, to which I answer'd according to the Dictates of my childish Innocence, which merits not your Attention.

A little after his Departure, his noble Mother dy'd, his little Brother *Scipio* was lost, and *Catullus*, the particular and intimate Friend of his Father, was banish'd; all which happening in a little Space of Time, made *Publius Scipio* leave *Rome*, and in

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in extreme Grief retire to his Country House, taking with him *Scipiana*, his Daughter, resolving for ever to absent himself from that fatal Place, that Theatre of Horror, on which had been acted these his great Misfortunes.

After the Departure of *Scipiana*, my dear Play-fellow, I took very little Pleasure or Satisfaction in any Company, or Diversion that *Rome* could present, only apply'd myself to my Devoirs, according to the Will of my virtuous Mother : But the Gods left me not long in this happy State ; for it was but little after, that the Death of this virtuous and honourable Parent put a Period to my Felicity ; for then my Father resolv'd to marry me to his Bastard Son *Valerius*, which was such a Piece of Incest that I could not shew the least Complacency, much less Obedience to the Proposal. My Father not believing this Refusal to arise from any Principle of Virtue, but rather from some Pre-engagement of my Thoughts to some other of our young *Romans*, remov'd himself and me into the Country, where he thought he should not fail to discover, and consequently to disappoint any such conceal'd Intrigue. But I too well knew my Duty to him and Heaven, as also what I ow'd to mine own Honour, to entertain any Correspondence of that Kind, though never so innocent and honourably

country honourably meant ; for the very Being and
essential Part of an honourable Amour is
immediately inverted, and becomes unworthy, if not
of Honour, when entertain'd by a young La-
dy without the Consent of her Parents.
These were my Maxims, to which I re-
solv'd to adhere, and of which I gave my
Father all the Assurance possible ; withal
urging him, that as I had taken the Rule
of my Virtue to guide both my Actions and
Will, he would not interrupt my
Progress therein by any opposite Com-
mand. But all was to no Purpose, I was
perpetually persecuted with the Courtship
of *Valerius*, and the Perswasions of my Fa-
ther.

Now it was that *Albella*, Mother to *Valerius*, (a Lady really of Quality and For-
tune) retir'd herself to her Estate in *Sicily*,
intending to spend the rest of her Days
in the Practice of Virtue ; but the World
believ'd rather it was the Effect of her Dis-
content, because my Father did not marry
her when at Liberty by the Death of my
Mother ; thereby to repair, in some De-
gree, her ruin'd Honour. What was the
Subject of her Retreat, I had not the Cu-
riosity to examine, but willingly accorded
my Belief to that Key to which she tuned
her own Discourse, and so concluded Vir-
tue to be the principal End of her Retire-
ment.

In

In the mean Time, my Father finding his Perswasions, and *Valerius's* Courtship fruitless, began to treat me with Importunities and Menaces, and at last grew angry to that Degree, that he vow'd I should never see the Sun more, 'till I made my Will comply with his, in marrying *Valerius*, treating me with much Rigour, or rather Tyranny, still believing, I suppose, that I must have some secret Passion elsewhere. *Valerius* being gone to *Rome* about some Business for my Father, I was in Hopes his Absence would have afforded me some little Respite, at least from the Fatigue of amorous Pursuits; but behold a new, and I think unheard of, Calamity beset me! contrary to all Morality, and the Laws of Heaven, my wretched Father became enamour'd of me, and express'd his Flame with as much Assurance as if it had been no Way criminal; and when I urg'd the Illegallity of this heinous Passion, and that it would cause the Vengeance of the Gods to descend on him, and render him at once miserable and infamous. He made Answer, That the Notion of Deities was a Chimera infused into my Fancy by my Mother, and a customary Education; and that all the World were misled into such Opinions by Priests and Potentates, whose Interest it was to ingage their Inferiors into a Belief of some invisible Powers, thereb

keep them in Subjection. If there be
Gods, reply'd I, how came we and all
the World made at first? Sure we did not
make our selves! for if we had, methinks
we might have preserv'd the Knowledge
of this Creative Power in all Ages, and
then we might have made our selves a
Kingdom or a World when we pleased, and
this would save our *Romans* much Pains
and toil, which they continually are at
in their Conquests. But besides this Crea-
tive Power, methinks the Preservative no
less evinces the Belief of some Omnipotent
Beings; for how comes it to pass, that the
Sun, Moon, and Stars, do not fall upon us?
Besides, this perfect Order and Harmony of
all Things both Celestial and Terrestrial,
and also our own little Microcosme, and inte-
rior Cogitations, assert this great Truth, in
which our rational Faculty must needs ac-
quiesce. But, said my Father, admit all
this your little Prattle true, is not Mercy
one of the chief Attributes of these your
Divinities? Then why do you not imitate
them, and have Pity on your unhappy
Father, or rather wretched Lover, who
dies for you? With these and the like Dis-
courses, together with all the fond Actions
and Grimaces of a passionate Lover, he
continually entertain'd me, that I heartily
wish'd for *Valerius* again, whose Love (in-
cessant as it was) was yet much more
sup-

supportable than this other. Moreover, concluded his Love and Courage would secure my Honour from any Attempts of my Father's Brutality, of which I was dreadfully afraid, knowing him to be a Man that would stick at nothing to satisfy his Sensuality.

The Return of *Valerius* prov'd sooner than was expected, which, tho' it gave me some little Consolation, yet Sighs and Tears were my continual Entertainment. Being one Day set in my Chamber in a very melancholy Posture, there rush'd into the Room three disguis'd Men, by a secret Door behind the Hangings, who, without speaking a Word, took me away, in spite of all the Cries and Resistance of me and my Women. They carry'd me down many Steps, and thro' divers Turnings underground; at last ascending, I found myself without the Castle, where Horses waited on one of which I was set, and convey'd with Speed for the Space of an Hour or more, 'till we came to a certain great Forest. Here it was that the Chief of these rapacious Wretches essay'd to violate my Honour; but the just Gods, propitious to mine Innocence, by Means of my Cries brought a Person of Virtue and Courage to my Rescue, which he accomplish'd by the Death of the Ravisher; the other two who were at a Distance, perceiving what happen'd

happen'd, came running to assist their Master, where one of them immediately met his Fate, and was sent by the Stranger's word to serve his Master in the other World, which his Companion seeing, he made his escape with all Expedition. The Stranger taking off the Vizards that disguis'd these miscreants, in order to give Air, if any Life yet remain'd; whose Faces I no sooner saw, but I knew 'em to be my wretched Father, and one of his Servants. O ye Gods! what surprize and Confusion then seiz'd me! which I express'd in bitter Cries and Lamentations; in the mean Time, the unknown Person did all he could to restore me to Life, but he expir'd with these words, *Forgive me, Clarinthia.* The Stranger courteously ask'd me wherein he could be farther serviceable? to whom I answer'd, that I was a Wretch incapable to receive service or Succour; a Monster unfit for human Conversation; therefore desir'd him to leave me to wander in these Woods, among the Wolves, and other Salvage Beasts, as the most fit Cohabitants for such a wretched Creature as I was made by my Misfortunes: But he endeavour'd, by discreet arguments, to soften this my Fury, and perswaded me to mount behind him, to seek some Place of Retreat. I had much difficulty to consent to this Proposal, not only in Consideration of his being an absolute

solute Stranger, but his Hands still wringing with my Father's Blood ; for, wick as he was, he was still my Father ; but Night coming on, together with the Wildness of the Place, oblig'd me to accept of his Offer, so he covering the Body of my Father with his upper Garment, we mounted on Horseback, and follow'd a little Foot-Path, which we hop'd would have brought us out of the Forest ; but it only led us to the Abode of a certain holy Hermit, situated in a thick and obscure Part of the Wood, which at the Approach of Night, and the Horror I carry'd with me, made appear dreadful ; but the kind Reception we found a little mitigated my first Apprehensions. And I had been capable of reflecting on a Thing that had the Face of Content, I might here have found a happy Employment to my Thoughts, in beholding the tranquil State of this good Man, and all such who thus betake themselves to a holy Retirement where they are free from those false alarms of the World, which beguile us with foolish Hopes, or as foolish Fears ; for these Votaries the Smiles and Frowns of Fortune are equal ; for they court not the one, nor apprehend the other. They dance not the Measures play'd by Ambition's Pipe, nor wander after the *Ignis-fatuus* of Vain-glory. Their Poverty secures them from Envy, and its being voluntary, places

em above the Reach of Contempt; in re-
nouncing the World they are Masters of it,
and by subduing their Passions, they become
distinguish'd and admir'd by the rest of
Mankind, to whom their Words are Le-
ssons, and their Actions Sermons. They
find Plenty in the Contempt of Riches, and
great Honour in virtuous Actions. Their
Contemplations are to them all Company,
and their devout Exercises great Diversion.
Their Food is savoury, and their Sleep
sound; the one is not disturbed with Cares,
and the other made unpalatable by Intem-
perance. Their abstemious Way of living
preserves their Health, to which is ordina-
rily annex'd long Life, and they fear not
Death whose Lives have been so perfect-
ly fine; they are in fact what *Socrates* and
his Adherents pretend to teach by long
Discourse, and elaborate Speculation. The
Consideration of all which, made us with-
out Difficulty commit to this holy Ancho-
rite the whole of what had befallen us, and
devail'd with him to go see if he could
find the Body of my Father; but his Pains
prov'd ineffectual: for at his Return he
told us that he had found the tragick Place
of that Rencounter, but the Body was
gone, which was an Augmentation to our
Sorrow. The Stranger having receiv'd a
Wound in the Combat, was over-perswa-
ded by us to accept of the *Hermit's* Bed,
where

where having taken some Refreshment by the good Man's Charity, I entreated him to compose himself to Rest, in Consideration of the Wound: To which he replied That he must never more pretend to Superior Repose, since he had been so unfortunate to render me fatherless, and consequently the Object of my Anger, if not Aversion, which depriv'd him of all Hope of Happiness; therefore Death was what he courted; despair having render'd both his Interest and Inclination. He was about to have proceeded in this kind of Discourse, but that I interrupted him under Pretence of leaving him to his Repose; but I perceiv'd to what his Words tended, and was loth to hear him profess himself my Lover, who had just depriv'd me of my Father. The Obligation I had to him in preserving my Honour, at the Hazard of his Life, was too great to use him ill, and the unhappy Circumstances which accompanied this Obligation were such that I could not use him well. These Considerations made me take Leave of him; and as I turned to go out, I found a Picture fallen out of his Pocket, which I intended to restore to him next Morning; but instead of the Beauties of some fair Lady, which I expected, it prov'd to be his own Portraiture, which I have ever since preserved with great Veneration.

Imagine

Imagine, Gentlemen, in what Anxiety of Mind I pass'd this Night, in Consideration how the Senate, and all the World, would construe my being as it were in the Hands of a Stranger, and one who had so lately kill'd my Father. O *Clarinthia*! *Clarinthia*! said I to my self, what difficult Paths has Fortune mark'd out for thy Virtue to trace? How can I ever declare to the Senate what detestable Crime caused my Father's Death? Or if I do, perhaps I shall not be believ'd: If I do not, I expose my self, and this noble Stranger, to the Injury of the Laws, and his Honour to everlasting Infamy. I am in a Labyrinth so intricate, that even the Line of Reason is not able to conduct me through its wild Mazes. On every Hand I see nothing but Danger and Distress, such as confound my Resolution, and non-plus my Courage. On this Side a rapid Stream of persecuting Laws, on that, a Precipice of perpetual Shame; one to ingulph, the other to dash my Honour in a thousand Pieces. Ah, *Clarinthia*! Unfortunate Maid! To what serves thy Riches and Noble Brith, (the two most excellent Ingredients towards a happy Life) but to augment thy Misfortunes, by rendering thee the more conspicuous Object of Contempt? Nay, even Virtue it self, that constant Companion of my Life, conspires against me, and betrays my

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my Youth to these Dilemma's: I say, even
 Virtue and Innocence (which enrich the
 Poor, comfort the Disconsolate, and lessen
 the Terrors of Death) are my Persecutors
 for it is thro' their Means that I am
 reduc'd to these Exigencies; that whether
 the Senate condemn or acquit me, give me
 Life or Death, Imprisonment or Liberty,
 all is Shame, Horror, and Infamy. Now
 was my Concern less in Behalf of the Stran-
 ger, which I then thought was out of a Prin-
 ciple of Gratitude or Generosity; but I
 have found since, that it was Love which
 subtly enter'd my Soul in that Disguise.
 In these Disquiets and a thousand others,
 wore away the Night, my Eyes without
 Sleep, and my Heart without Repose.
 Early in the Morning I went into the Wood
 a few Steps, thinking to find certain Herbs
 to apply to the Stranger's Wound. Here
 I met three or four armed Men, who imme-
 diately took me away, and carry'd me with
 great Speed through the Forest. Long
 was not, e'er I knew them to be *Valerius* and
 his Servants, who reproached me with
 much Bitterness, as being a Shame to my
 Sex, and a Dishonour to my noble Race.
 running away, and abiding in secret with
 a Stranger; and not only so, but impious
 beyond parallel, in causing my Father's
 Death rather than return to him and obey
 Obedience, when he endeavour'd to take

ever out of the Hands of this my wicked
partner. By all this Discourse, I found
less *Valerius* was misinform'd, and had a wrong
notion of what had pass'd. This gave me
an occasion to reflect how subject we are to
be deceiv'd by Appearances, and what
great Precaution we ought to use before we
believe, censure, or condemn Things, by
the exterior or first Sight; whereas the other
Side of the Curtain often shews a quite
different Scene. I am sure this Transaction
but shall ever be a Warning to me, how I con-
demn any Body's Actions with Precipita-
tion; for, to speak impartially, this Pas-
sage had so much the Face of what they
represented it to be, that I wonder not that
Valerius was wholly possess'd with a Belief
that this Stranger was the Person my Fa-
ther had long suspected to have Possession
of my tenderest Thoughts, and oblig'd me
to oppose his Commands touching the Mar-
riage of *Valerius*; and that now being fled
away with him, chose rather to see my
father die by his Hands, than to return to
his Jurisdiction, and my filial Obedience.
In vain I strove to disabuse him, he being
wholly pre-possess'd, that all I could say
seem'd to come from a Mouth false and
corrupt by Crimes, or at least unworthy
trigues. He told me, if he had not had
a Passion for me, that carry'd him beyond
the usual Pitch of Lovers, so as to make

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him sacrifice all Interest to his Affection; he would not have hazarded his Honour by thus engaging himself in my Protection, but have left me to the Rigour of the Laws, and in the mean Time have secured himself of my Estate, by the Interest he could have made in the Senate. But perfect Love I have for your Person, (continued he) which belongs to me by Reason of your Father's Donation, makes me overlook all Advantage on my own Part, and regard only your Security, which I will provide for with my Mother in her Country in *Sicily*. This was a hard Stroke of Fortune; to be oblig'd to, and under the Dominion of, that Woman, whose lewd Behaviour with my Father had made me to depend, and withal to be in the Power of *Valerius*, whose Love I dreaded more than the Danger of the Laws, or the Anger of the Senate.

Thus I was convey'd to the Sea-Castle, where we immediately embark'd, and a few Hours arriv'd in *Sicily*, at the afore-mentioned Castle, where I was confin'd to an Apartment very richly furnish'd, and pleasantly situated, yet still it was a Prison, and my Thought render'd all Things disagreeable. They pretended to me, this Restraint proceeded from Kindness, that none of my Family might discover me, but that I must remain conceal'd 'till Time and Industry could accommodate my Affairs with the Senate.

ate ; all which had the Appearance of
 Friendship ; but whether it was a real Face,
 only a Mask, I could not tell. Here
 remain'd without the Sight of any Body,
Valerius, *Asbella* his Mother, and Cor-
 , who was a young Maid that wait-
 on *Asbella*. Pardon me, Gentlemen, if
 I enlarge a little on this young Creature's
 Character ; for she is one of the most ac-
 plish'd Pieces of Nature's Handy-work,
 only in her outward Form, but her
 and is so replenish'd with Virtue and Wis-
 , as shews the exterior to be only the
 made Case of a precious Jewel. Her
 ks and Words were equally engaging,
 e-knit Sense in fine-turn'd Language,
 ch pleas'd not only the outward Senses,
 the most inward Part of the Mind, and
 e the Understanding dance to the Mu-
 of such a charming Consort ; that her
 conversation often supplanted my Griets,
 and made them give Way to some Sort of
 satisfaction ; especially when she represent-
 the great Honour that attended patient
 ering for the Sake of Virtue. She was so
 quent on that Subject, as made me some-
 es almost in Love with Misfortunes, and
 a secret Satisfaction in being cast into
 a Field of Disasters, where so plenti-
 an Harvest of Glory was to be reap'd,
 humble and Patient Submission to the
 of Heaven. These Morals coming
 C from

from a Mouth so very young, and so properly adapted to my Circumstances, made me ready to perswade my self, that the Gods had sent my Good Genius in this Figure, to beguile my Sufferings, and support my Virtue. Nor was the low State which the Gods had placed this excellent Creature, less instructive; for it excited in this my Solitude, to admire the infinite Providence of the Powers Divine, who distribute their Benefits diversly; some the Gifts of Nature, to others those of Fortune; to this Body Riches, to that Honour; here Wisdom, and there Virtue; which Means Human-kind becomes united, that every one having some Quality estimable, recommends him to the Assistance of others; for none being perfect, none remain independant; but the mutual necessities we have of each other's Assistance causes reciprocal Obligations, which fasten the Knot of human Society. But how came I to launch into this Ocean of Reflections, distant from the Coast of my Relation, for which I beg your Pardon.

I cannot but own (continued *Clarinda*) they treated me with as much Civility and Respect as I cou'd hope for, in these my hard Circumstances; only *Valerius* continually persecuted me with his Company and Presents; all which I refus'd with equal Aversion, as being inconsistent with

Virtue

virtue, by Reason of our Consanguinity;
 otherwise his Addresses were honourable,
 his Person agreeable. Nor wanted he
 reasons to alledge, nor Examples to pro-
 ve, that might justify the Legality of his
 pretensions; as indeed, there are but too
 many Examples of that Kind amongst the
 Kings and Heroes. Even the present King
 and Queen of *Egypt* live in that State which
 the Laws call Incest. How the Men of
 Robe disguise, alter, and transform,
 what they say is the Law of the Gods, I
 know not; but we often find they make
 Vice and Virtue to differ according to
 Time, Place, and Person; and make that a
 Vice in one Person, which is none in ano-
 ther; and that a Virtue in one Place, which
 is a Vice in another. These serve to di-
 rect the Ignorant, amuse the Curious and
 speculative, and is an inexhaustible Source
 of everlasting Disputes. Wherefore I ad-
 ded these Casuistical By-ways, and kept
 the open common Road of Virtue, taught
 me by my Mother, which oblig'd me to
 consider the Love of *Valerius* as incestuous,
 contrary to the present known Laws
 of our Country. But *Valerius* gave another
 interpretation to this my Reluctance, and
 believed my Aversion proceeded from a
 pre-existing Passion for that Stranger I had
 met at the Hermitage; and once, upon oc-
 casion of some earnest Words which pass'd

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between us, he indiscreetly let fall so dubious Sayings, as if he thought a Stranger had possess'd my Person as well as my Affections. This gave me so great a Shock, and so irritated my Anger and indignation against him, that after several Words on that Subject, I begg'd him, for the Love he pretended to me as his Mistress for the Friendship he ought to have for me as his Sister, for the Respect he ow'd me as the Daughter of *Turpius*, that he would leave me, and never see me more. This I utter'd with much Passion and Vehementness together with so many Tears, that *Valerius* could not refrain from weeping also, without saying much, left me to my Complaint. After this, *Valerius* fell into a Melancholy, which impair'd his Health, which I was truly sorry, but knew no Remedy. The fraternal Love I bore him made the Diminution of his Health an Augmentation to my Misfortunes; and the Weight of my Sufferings were made heavier by the Part I took in his. In this I was absorb'd in Sorrow, and loaden with Afflictions, without Prospect of Alleviation, except what I receiv'd from the *Cordials*, whose discreet Words often calm'd my Passion; they were as Balm to a Man inflam'd with Sorrow, and when those salutary Remedies fail'd, she try'd to cheer me with the Musick of her Voice or

strum

ment, for in both these she was perfect,
to Admiration. Divers Times *Vale-*
let me know by her the Greatness of
Griefs, in being depriv'd of my Pre-
sence, alledging, that as this Deprivation
to him the Heaven of his Happiness, so
Regret he had for having been himself
Cause, was to him a Hell of Misery.
testify'd a real Sorrow for those his
Words, and sued for Pardon with un-
dressed Submission; all which serv'd but
to increase my Burthen, already too
heavy for my weak Constitution; it
was inconsistent with Virtue to make
myself happy, yet fraternal Love made me
compassionate in his Misfortunes. But beside
these Considerations, I must own (with
these) that my tender Thoughts were too
engag'd with the noble Stranger, the
generous Defender of my Honour, to think
of any other Object of Affection; not but
I endeavour'd to stifle and suppress
these foolish Fancies, as Rebels to my Rea-
son and Enemies to my Repose. I placed
him in the Tribunal of my Judgment, as
Author of my Father's Death, which
render'd him unfit ever to be my Husband,
most to an impossibility, if his Quality,
Actions, and all other Circumstances
were correspondent, of which I was wholly
ignorant, except those few dubious Words
of Gallantry at the Hermit's Cell, which
ought

ought to pass in Oblivion, as common Words of course; and wou'd have done with me, if fantastick Folly had not kept them alive in my Memory. I was perpetual Fear of his being taken and prosecuted by the Agents of *Valerius*, my Father's Murtherer, and my Ravisher. Thus was my Person confin'd, but my Grievs enlarg'd; I had lost my Father, and was believ'd to be his Murtherer; I followed Virtue on all Occasions, and was suppos'd to be a great Criminal; I was born an Heiress of a noble Family, and inherited nothing but a Prison. In the midst of these and the like sorrowful Reflections, I pass'd my Days without Repose, and my Nights without Slumbers. Being one Night musing on these doleful Thoughts, I saw, by the Light of the Moon, a Person enter my Chamber at whose Approach I knew to be *Cordelia*, who, after having apologized for coming at an Hour so unexpected, she told me the Occasion; which was to inform me of what had been projected against mine Innocence and Quiet, and was to be executed the coming Day. She had overheard her Mother and *Valerius* discoursing that Evening about me; *Asabella* blam'd her Son for suffering any Disquiet in his Mind for a Person he had in his Power. Your Sister (said she) makes me almost ashamed to see you for my Son; rouse up your Resolution

act as becomes your Sex and Quality,
not languish under the Effects of I
ow not what Fears and Fancies of a rigo-
s Beauty. Shake off, I say, this unpar-
able Cowardice, and be a happy Con-
ror over this your fair Enemy. But
erius seem'd to abominate any Thing of
ce, and told his Mother, he was no less
otary to my Virtue than my Beauty,
h to him were sacred. I perceive, said
bella, that Love is not only blind, but
d of all Manner of Sense, otherwise;
n cou'd not speak of her as a Person of
rtue, who is a Criminal of so deep a
e. One, not only disobedient to her
ther, but his Murtherer; an ungrateful
ceress, who bewitches you with her
auty, and then abandons you to Despair
her Scorn and Ingratitude. She neither
siders you as her Brother, Lover, nor
nefactor; the latter of which you have
sufficiently prov'd your self to be, in un-
taking her Protection, when her Crimes
l reduced her to a perfect Exigence; but
s, transported with an irregular Affection,
not capable to consider her own Interest,
hich is bound up in your Kindness, and
nstantcy. Now, since Passion has so far
e Regency of her Intellect, that she is
capable of judging what is good for her,
u must be so much her Friend, as to make
happy against her Will, for there is no

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medium for her, between becoming your Wife, and falling into Shame, Punishment and Misery of all Kinds; therefore, out of Compassion to her, (the Thing you so much dote upon) you must espouse her, without considering whether she be willing or unwilling, pleas'd or displeas'd; for your Life and her Honour both depend upon this Enterprize. Fear not, for I will be a Priest shall be subservient to my Request, therefore resolve to make to Morrow a happy Day to your self and this your country Fair, by espousing her lawfully, according as her Father design'd. *Valerius*, though a little Opposite at first, yet, upon his Mother's pressing, and repeating how far his Happiness was the Object, if not the whole End of the Undertaking, he at last consented, and this my forced Marriage was resolv'd on that coming Day. Thus *Valerius* perfwaded to this real Wickedness under the Pretext of an imaginary Good, and thus, indeed, it fares too often with the most Part of Mankind; for when Interest and Inclination stand Candidates for Preference, we then trick with Virtue, and play the Cheat upon Honour; we impose upon our Understandings, and force our Judgments; nay more, we depose even Reason itself, and give Passions the Regency, and when our Minds are thus untund, our Actions soon joyn in the same Discon-

post-pone the Laws of the Gods, and
 make those of our Country ineffectual,
 all which *Valerius* now became an Ex-
 ample ; for he was not wicked in his Na-
 ture, but misled by the *Ignis-fatuus* of his
 Passion and Interest. But to return, *Cordi-*
 a having inform'd me of this their Design,
 thank'd, and hasten'd her away to pre-
 vent Suspicion. She being gone, I arose,
 and walk'd about my Chamber quite di-
 sturbed with the Apprehension of what was
 to succeed ; sometimes I threw my self on
 my Bed, sometimes on the Floor ; being
 tired of all Postures ; at last I went out
 on the Balcony which appertain'd to my
 lodging, and jetted, as it were, over the
 street. Here I walk'd many Turns in the
 greatest Perplexity a Soul cou'd suffer. I
 thought I resembled Queen *Dido* (as History
 describes her) at the Departure of her *A-*
eneas, and was as much embarrass'd and di-
 sturbed how to avoid my amorous Persecu-
 tion, as she cou'd be how to follow or over-
 take her beloved Fugitive. Thus, different
 Causes often produce the same Effect, as
 in Fevers, which is equally made by the Extre-
 mities of Heat and Cold. How happy did
 I esteem those Nymphs of Old, who, by
 the Pity of the Gods, were transform'd into
 Plants or Animals, by which they avoided
 the Embraces of their hated Lovers. And,
 indeed, *Valerius* was now become such to
 me,

me, this Contrivance having raz'd out all those Characters of Friendship and fraternal Love, which his virtuous and generous Behaviour had engraven in my Heart before; and I now detested and abhorr'd him as the worst of Criminals. Sometimes resolv'd to cast my self into the Deep, and so become a Sacrifice to *Neptune*, rather than a Victim to his incestuous Love; sometimes to force my self upon those iron Spikes on the Banisters, with a Thousand other extravagant Thoughts, which Reason, and want of Courage, render'd abortive; till befriended by *Cynthia's* bright Beams, I saw in a Cleft of the Wall an old rusty Key with which (as Fortune, or my good Genius would have it) I open'd the Iron-Gate thro' which one descends by Steps to the Sea. At the Bottom of these Stairs there was an old Boat slightly fasten'd, into which I enter'd, and committed my self to the Mercy of that rude Element.

The Wind being favourable, I was soon driven far enough from the Coast of Sicily with how little Appearance of Safety I leave you to imagine; but I trusted in that Divine Providence which had deliver'd me so far, and this bore up my Hopes against those swelling Surges, and the gaping Deep which every Moment threaten'd to devour me; being well assur'd of the Mercy of those Gods I had serv'd to receive my

more

ortal Part, if my Body perish'd. And here
was that I experienc'd the Doctrine of
those Philosophers who affirm, that a Per-
son truly Virtuous can never be throughly
unfortunate, because he places not his Hap-
piness on external Things, as not being al-
ways in his Power. In these Thoughts I
was toss'd all that Night; when the Morn-
ing appear'd, I saw a Ship sailing that Way,
to which I call'd and becken'd, intreating
them to take me in, which they did with
much readiness, and put me into a Cabin
to repose my self. Whilst I was there, I
heard a complaining Voice, which said,
O Divine Beauty! Where have the Gods
abandon'd thee! Must I for ever wander in a
gloomy Despair, without being enlighten'd
by the Rays of thy bright Perfections?
O me! what signifies all those Honours
with which I have been adorn'd, since hard
Fortune forces me from all I love; with
many other Words of this Kind; by which
I knew there were Persons of Quality in
the World unfortunate as well as the un-
happy *Clarinthia*. After a convenient Time
of Rest, I was call'd for, to go before the
Commander of the Vessel; for his Servants
had inform'd him of their Adventure in
finding me that Morning; wherefore he
desir'd to speak with me, to know wherein
he cou'd be farther serviceable to me. I
being willing to inform my self into whose
Hands

Hands I was fallen, ask'd the Name and Country of their Master; to which they answer'd, that he was a *Roman*, and his Name *Lysander*; of the former I was glad but ignorant of the latter. When I enter'd into his Cabin, good Gods! with what Astonishment did I behold in him the Person of the noble Stranger I left wounded at the Hermit's Cell, at which my Transports were so great, that I sunk down with the pressure of so great a surprize. They presently apply'd their Assistance, which soon prov'd effectual to the Recovery of my Senses. The first Object that presented itself to my opening Eyes, was *Lysander's* Face all bath'd in Tears, making me such extravagant Protestations of his Joy and Love, as is impossible to repeat. Then kissing my Hands a thousand Times, on his Knees begg'd me to pronounce his Doom, forasmuch as it was evidence by my swooning at the Sight of him, that he was not indifferent to me; but whether he was the Object of my Inclination or Aversion was doubtful; but he fear'd the latter, having been so unfortunate as to render me fatherless. This plain Declaration put me to so great a Confusion, that I scarce knew what to reply, for I knew I ought not to receive favourably such a Declaration from a Man that had bereav'd me of my Father; and on the other Side, Gratitude as well as Inclination

The Banish'd Roman. 51

and they had defended my Honour, and now
I had my Life. Alas, (said I to him) For-
tune has been so unkind to me, that I can
neither refuse, nor grant what you require,
it being inconsistent with Gratitude, the
other with Honour. Hard Fate in the Death
of my Father, having put such a Bar as can
never be remov'd, so as for me to become
your Wife; otherwise, I would pronounce,
that I neither do, or ever will love any but
the brave and vertuous *Lysander*. Never-
theless, he was quite transported at this Af-
firmance, and made me a thousand Protesta-
tions of his everlasting Love, in which was
contain'd more Extasy and Rapture than I
was able to repeat. His Looks declar'd his
thoughts, and his Words explain'd his
looks, and all together agreed in the Te-
limony of a sincere and virtuous Passion.
Virtuous was his Mein, Words, and Acti-
ons, which was to me a greater Assurance
of his Love than many Years Service, re-
plenish'd with numerous and large Decla-
rations, rich Presents, publick Acts of Ga-
lantry, in Honour of my Beauty, and a
thousand other Arts used by the Sex to en-
gage ours. This little Cabin in which we
were, was to us the whole World. Dance-
ing, Feasting, Theatres, Triumphs, were
all here compriz'd. Our Persons were to
each other all Objects agreeable to the
Sight,

Sight, and our Words all that cou'd charm
 the Hearing; our Hearts danc'd to the
 Musick of repeated Vows, whilst faithful
 Sighs sung the Chorus to every Period.
 What shall I say? 'Twas here we built
 a few Moments the Fabrick of an everlast-
 ing Love, on the Foundation of perfect
 Virtue. But alas! how short is all human
 Happinefs, especially all that appertains to
 me; for whilst we were in this Entertain-
 ment, his Servants came in, telling him
 they apprehended a Storm was coming
 upon us, and desir'd his Orders. By this
 Time we were a good Way over the *Medi-*
terranean Sea, towards the Coast of *Africa*
 whether he was going in search of me,
 concluding me escap'd thither, there to re-
 main amongst some Friends I had at *Car-*
thage, 'till the Business of my Father's Death
 cou'd be accommodated with the Senate;
 nor had he thought to consult or command
 the turning of the Vessel when he found
 me, by reason of the 'foresaid surprizing
 Entertainment, which had taken up the
 greatest Part of the Day; and now Night
 coming on, and the Storm increasing, we
 were in great Danger, notwithstanding all
 the Pains and Care of the Mariners. The
 Storm continued all Night, and in the
 Morning we felt what before we fear'd, for
 we were forceably driven upon a Rock on
 the Coast of *Africa*; at the second Blow

our

The Banish'd Roman. 53

My Vessel began to shatter, at the third, I
saw (to my everlasting Grief) the brave
and virtuous *Lysander* (who was assisting the
seamen) toss'd off into the Sea, where he
was immediately overwhelmed with the
waves. The Wind never ceas'd, beating
my Vessel against the Rock, 'till it was split
into a thousand Pieces. I was by the Care
of *Lysander's* Gentleman fasten'd to a Plank,
on which I was driven by the force of the
winds on the Coast of *Africa*, where I was
taken up by *Amilcar*, and *Hannibal* his Son.
In all which this young Gentleman (address-
ing her Speech to one of the Strangers)
shows better than my self, therefore to
me I recommend the Continuation of my
History.

*The HISTORY of ISMENUS, in
which is contain'd the Remainder of
CLARINTHIA's Story.*

MY Name, said he, is call'd *Ismenus*,
but of what Country or Family I
know not; I suppose a *Roman*, though I
never knew any other Being, or State of
Life, but that of Slave to *Hannibal*. Here
I enjoy'd as much Happiness by the Favour
of *Hannibal*, and his Father, as cou'd be
hop'd for in Servitude, for I was on the
same footing with his Pages, which were
Free.

Free-men, and with them learn'd all Sorts of Exercises and Accomplishments, in which I made so good a Proficiency, that *Amilcar* and *Hannibal* wou'd sometimes say, there appear'd in me a true *Roman* Genius, which was saying, in one Word, all that cou'd be said on that Subject, the *Romans* bearing the Prize of Renown from the whole Universe; not but that the *Africans* are endeavouring, and do daily improve in Arts and Arms, especially their Chiefs amongst whom *Hannibal* (young as he is) wears the Character of a complete Person; he is in his Nature Courteous and Civil and in all his Actions Just and Generous, which, indeed, are the Bases on which a great Man ought to build his Glory. Whensoever *Hannibal* has occasion to Reward or Punish, he does it in such a Manner, as shews the one to proceed from Inclination, the other from Necessity. The latter he does with such apparent Regret, that even the Criminal himself may see that his Design is to punish the Crime, and not the Person, if they were separable. And, on the other Side, he rewards with such Alacrity, or rather Eagerness, as if he desir'd to recompence both the Virtue and the Person, if they were distinct; by one he avoids making any Body his Enemy, and by the other he makes every Body his Friend; that he is one of the most popular

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and best belov'd of all the *Carthaginian* Nobility. As his Birth has plac'd him in an exalted Sphere, so his personal Worth shines there with such Lustre, as from thence they calculate coming Glories to their Country: but it is not my Business to dwell upon his Character, therefore return.

In the Summer he was with his Father *Amilcar*, retir'd from the Noise and Hurry of Business. which fills the great and populous City of *Carthage*, into the Country, to divert themselves with Rural Recreation; where, walking out one Morning by the Sea-Coast, they found there this beautiful Person *Clarimbia*, fasten'd on a Plank, (as she told you) and driven to the Shoar, almost dead, but by their Industry was recover'd to Life, and in due Time to perfect Health. *Amilcar* finding her beautiful, and a Person of Address, gave her to his Daughter *Emelia*. Here she behav'd herself with such a graceful Affability, that she soon gain'd the Love and Esteem of every Body. I dare not enlarge on her Character, lest I offend her Modesty, and encroach on your Judgments, who now behold her before you. But as she was agreeable to all, so in particulara to *Emelia*, her Mistress, who had so much Consideration for her, that she treated her more like a Friend than a Servant; in which she gratify'd not only her compassionate Inclination, but gave herself

self a sensible Pleasure in the Sweetness of *Clarinthia's* Conversation. This Treatment from *Emelia*, and the Death of her much lamented *Lysander*, join'd with her fatal Circumstances in *Italy*, made her resolve to pass her Days in that unknown Condition without ever thinking on a Return into her native Country, and for that Reason conceal'd her Name and Quality; of which she was pleas'd to make me the only Confident, and so I became acquainted with her past and present Afflictions; amongst which nothing was so touching as the Lamentations she made for her *Lysander*; and for his sake made firm Resolutions of perpetual Virginity. Now altho' she was thus incircled with Griefs and Misfortunes, her Beauties were not thereby obscur'd, but, like the Sun behind a transparent Cloud, was more conspicuous to the Beholders, especially to the View of *Hannibal*, whose young Heart having never yet been touch'd with any amorous Inclination, soon became sensible of *Clarinthia's* Charms; and accordingly made his Addresses to her with that Sincerity and Respect, which her Beauty and graceful Mien always commanded, notwithstanding her Misfortunes, which generally humble and abase a noble Behaviour. But she retain'd still such an Air of Greatness, tho' mix'd with her fore said Courtesy, as render'd all

Access

cess of that Kind very difficult, and detested in her something extraordinary. Nevertheless, this Coldness serv'd only to kindle in *Hannibal's* Flame, and by Way of *Anthrax* (as the Philosophers term it) increased the Ardour of that Fire already inextinguishable. Now tho' *Clarinthia* carefully avoided all Occasions of his Courtship, yet her Devoirs engaging her continually to *Emilia's* Apartment, (where, as a Brother, he had free Access) subjected *Clarinthia* to divers little amorous Rencounters, which no Care or Foresight could prevent.

This Proceeding began to break her Measures, and check her Resolution of remaining there, and made her divers Times cast in her Thoughts how to compass an Escape. Sometimes she resolv'd to send to the Senate to purchase her Freedom; but when again, considering the great Possessions they enjoy'd by her Captivity, she too well knew their avaricious Inclinations to hope for their Assistance. Another while, she resolv'd to discover herself to *Emilia*, and so obtain *Amilcar's* Counsel and Protection; but then again she concluded, when making her Quality known, would open an Inlet to *Hannibal's* Love, and by his Father's Consent bring upon herself a Marriage contrary to her firm Resolution taken to consecrate her Affections, and, indeed, her

her whole Life, to the Memory of *Lysander*. These Considerations gave her much Inquietude, which she communicated to me, when any favourable Moment furnished us with Opportunity.

Whilst *Clarinthia* was thus embarrassed with the Love of *Hannibal*, I was happy that of *Emelia*, the several Circumstances of which would be too arrogant for me to repeat; nor, indeed, would it be necessary all the World knowing the *Africans* Inclinations towards the *Europeans*; for they not only prefer our Complexions, but also our Features, Shape, Mein, and Humour, being naturally more soft, easy and genteel than those of that Country. What ever it was I know not, but had the good Fortune to be lik'd by *Emelia*, and was lov'd, tho' at the Hazard of our Lives; I need not tell you with what Care we kept this Affection secret, no Mortal having the least Thought or Knowledge of it, except *Clarinthia*, whom *Emelia* made her Confidant.

Long we did not remain in this State for the cold Reception *Clarinthia* gave to *Hannibal's* Address, made him begin to think her frequent Correspondence with me had some other Original than that Friendship, not knowing how far his Sister's Affections gave Occasion to such Intercourse. Nor do I believe *Emelia* was

quite free from Suspicion, though we gave
 no real Cause to either. But such are the
 effects of this unhappy Passion, Jealousy;
 it supplants Reason, and sows in our Minds
 thousand Follies; by it we demean the
 person we love through unworthy Suspi-
 cions, and honour our hated Rival in sup-
 posing him preferable to our selves; and, in
 so doing, often do Injustice to our own
 Merit, which, perhaps, deserves the Pre-
 eminence. The jealous Man may be
 compar'd to those we read of condemn'd to
 certain Punishments in Hell; he labours at
 Sisyphus's Wheel, by turning from Fancy to
 Suspicion, from Suspicion to Suspicion, and
 his own Thoughts are mere Vultures to de-
 vour the Heart of his Happiness; in fine,
 this Passion is the Green Sickness of the
 Mind, making us swallow Notions pernicious
 to our Quiet: Some say, it is the
 Child of Love, if so, it is a cruel Off-
 spring, which commonly devours its Pa-
 rent in the End, and then becomes it self
 transform'd into Rage or Regret. Yet ri-
 diculous and extravagant as it is, the Noble
 Hannibal could not defend himself from its
 encroachments; but, as aforesaid, was jea-
 lous of me his poor Vassal, whom he might
 have crush'd with a Look, and with a Word
 reduc'd to nothing. Whilst Things were on this footing, a
 certain Nobleman of Carthage, Gundibund
 by

by Name, made his Addresses to *Amilcar* in order to marry his Daughter *Emelia*. His Riches and Honours were too considerable to be refus'd by *Amilcar*, tho' his Years render'd him disagreeable to *Emelia*'s Youth. However, being order'd by her Father to receive his Love, and dispose herself for a speedy Marriage, she durst not disobey. The Truth is, I flatter'd myself that the Command was the more displeasing to her, in Consideration of those kind Thoughts she had conceiv'd towards me. I am sure, it was to me the greatest of Afflictions; tho' in Reality, the whole Affair of our Love was a meer Chimera, a Machine of Folly, wherein to weave our own Ruin. For what could we ever hope for but Death and Destruction, if it ever came to be known? And Love is too violent a Flame to remain long conceal'd. It was vain it was for me to count upon a Right to her Person, because she had given me her Affections; for in my low Station I could not assert this Right without exposing my Life to her Father's Anger, and her Honour to everlasting Infamy. But Heaven deliver'd me out of these Difficulties, by Means least expected. *Emilia* having her Thoughts much incumber'd, as well as myself, order'd me to come to her Apartment one Evening late, where I had ready Access, as being her Brother's Page. Here

and her alone with Tapers burning by
 er, which gave a Lustre to all the bright
 ornaments of the Room; but her own
 beauties were such as quite dazl'd the Eyes
 and Senses of me the fond Spectator. Then
 kneeling, and kissing her Hands with ex-
 cessive Transport, I told her, if her Courage
 could support her to accomplish what her
 goodness had begun, and by a secret
 flight with me into *Europe*, make me for-
 ever happy, eternal Blessings would attend
 the Enterprize.

What you propose, said *Emelia*, is impos-
 sible to accomplish; you know how Great
 a Prince my Father is, and what absolute
 Authority our Laws give such over Chil-
 dren and Servants, that the least Attempt
 of that Kind would cost us both our Lives;
 but what is it I would not do for my love-
 ly Boy? Even now I risque what ought to
 be more dear to me than Life, mine Ho-
 nour; yet a Goddess would do the same
 for such an *European* Youth as is my dear
Menus. Then be not surpriz'd that I tell
 you, tho' I am to be marry'd to *Gundibund*,
Menus shall be my Husband in effect;
 when you shall be as happy as Love can
 make you. These Words were so amazing,
 and so contradictory to that Virtue I so
 much value in the Sex, that they quite
 chang'd the Bias of my Thoughts; and all
 the Affliction I had before, in Considera-

tion of loosing her I lov'd, now vanish
and she whom before I ador'd I now
esteem'd; nay, my Soul was seiz'd w
such a secret Disgust, that all her Char
had not the Power to fix one ten
Thought in me towards her, so as to m
her grateful to my Senses. In short, I
her, that since I could not hope to en
her wholly and for ever, I must despair
being made happy by Love, and so I
her Apartment. How she resented this
Indifference, or rather Scorn, I know
but I suppose with great Indignation.

Next Morning early she walk'd into
Garden, and entering an Arbour she fo
Clarimbia, with the Picture of *Lysander*
her Hand, which she kiss'd and bedew'd
with her Tears so passionately, that
did not see *Emelia* when she came into
Arbour. The Sight of this Picture b
up the Fire of Jealousy in *Emelia*; for
believ'd it to be my Portraiture, and,
deed, every Body that saw it said it re
bled me: This, with my cold Behaviour
her over Night, put her into a perfect F
which she demonstrated by all the op
brious Speeches her Anger could sugg
unbefitting her Sex and Quality.

I being thoughtful of what had pass'd
preceding Night, concluded that *Em*
Displeasure and *Hannibal's* Jealousy w
not permit me to live there long in Sec

much less in Repose; wherefore I went to the Garden where *Clarinthia* frequent- with Intent to advise with her about making our Escape, if possible. It was my fate to enter the Arbour just as *Emelia* was in her Fury; and in few Moments *Hannibal* came also, whether excited by Love, as knowing that to be the Place where *Clarinthia* frequently retir'd; or by Jealousy, knowing me to be gone thither, is not certain; but so it was, just as *Emelia* was in the Heat of her Choler, *Hannibal* entered, and was soon made to understand the Cause of his Sister's Anger, and seeing the Picture concluded it to be mine; where- upon drawing his Sword, said, Insolent Slave, since *Clarinthia* honours thee with Love, thou shalt have the Honour to die by my Hand. If, said I, *Clarinthia* honours me with her Love, I am bound for her sake to defend my Life; so drawing my Sword, we made several Passes at each other, 'till both fell wounded, *Hannibal* in the Body, and I in the Arm. The Cries of *Emelia* and *Clarinthia* brought many of the Family thither, who finding us in this Situation, took us away, *Hannibal* to his Bed, and me to Prison. Here Care was taken of the Cure of my Wound, to make me suffer the more condign Punishment, and made a publick Example; as, indeed, I think I partly deserv'd, in forgetting my

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Duty so far as to lift up my Hand against my Master and Benefactor: However, the Suddenness of the Occasion, join'd with the Law of Nature, which commands Self-Defence, I hope will plead my Excuse, in some Degree, in the Minds of moderate and judicious Persons.

As soon as my Arm was well, *Amilcar* condemn'd me to be devour'd by wild Beasts, as the proper Punishment of a Crime so brutal; though, as I have heard, *Hannibal* interceded for me earnestly, but could not obtain my Pardon. The Day of my Execution being come, I had a Sword given me to defend my Life as long as I could, the better to divert the Spectators, which I used so well, that I quickly dispatch'd one of my salvage Combatants. The other that had been more used to the Kind of Attacks, came not upon me with open Jaws, as did the other, but with many subtle Turnings, endeavour'd to catch hold of my Sword with his Paws, and so wrest it out of my Hands; but I proving too nimble for him in his Turnings, leap'd on his Back, caught hold on his Beard, and so forc'd my Sword through his Throat. Thus was I deliver'd from both my fiercest Enemies. But this serv'd only to enrage *Amilcar* against me; wherefore he again return'd me to Prison, where I lay for many Days, expecting my Doom. In the mean

The Banish'd Roman. 65

time *Hannibal* and *Emelia* interceded with
their Father on my behalf, nor was *Gunde-*
and silent on this Oecasion; but *Amilear*
ould not be mov'd, it being counted a
time so enormous, that to Pardon it was
affront Justice, and shock the Funda-
mental Laws of the Country; wherefore
all the Favour they could obtain for me was,
that my Death should not be quite so bru-
al, tho' altogether as cruel, that is, by the
hands of Men, to wit, Gladiators; (for
they have that bloody Diversion among
them) so I was to make a Part in those
spectacles, which were to divert the World
from *Emelia's* Marriage, which was to suc-
ceed very soon. But *Emelia* being truly
concern'd for me, came one Night into the
prison, with a Number of her Servants;
whether she had Leave from her Father, or
had gain'd the Keeper with Bribes, I
know not; but she brought with her a Dis-
guise, in which I dress'd my self, and so
went out with her as one of her Maids. She
made me escape for my Life, and never
think on her more. The Moon shining
bright, I got to the great Forest which runs
many Leagues along the Sea-Coast. As
I here wander'd, endeavouring to direct
my Steps towards the Sea, I found the
mouth of a Cave, which, without much
difficulty, I open'd, and entering in, I
found a pretty large Cavity, enlighten'd

by a Lamp, which made me conclude it
 be the Habitation of some human Creature
 but ignorant whether of some lewd O
 law, or some holy Anchorite, or Priest
Pan or *Diana*, who, renouncing the World
 and all human Happiness, live in such R
 treats, in Contemplation of that Divinity
 which they are devoted. But which soever
 them it might be, I could propose no gre
 Hopes of Assistance from either; therefore
 was doubtful to make any farther Pro
 gress in that unfrequented Recess. Yet the
 Danger of the wild Beasts abroad made me
 willing to remain there 'till Morning,
 which Time they are ordinarily retir'd
 their Dens. In fine, I pray'd my good
 Genius to direct me, and humbly supp
 cated the Goddess *Diana* (by whose bright
 Beams my Steps had been directed thither
 to inspire me. I begg'd her Protection wh
 was the Patroness of Chastity, which Vir
 tue had been the original Cause of my S
 ferings. After having thus recommended
 my self to the Powers Divine, I resolv
 to proceed: But going on, I found the
 Cavity grow narrow and dark, that I mov
 ed my Steps with Horror as well as Care.
 At last the Cave turning, I saw at a Dis
 tance another Lamp, which gave a fine
 dim Light; yet by it I perceiv'd, at the
 farthest End of the Cave, a Person lying
 upon a Bed of Moss, Rushes, and such like

Mat

materials, but I could not possibly get near
 n; for there was a Trench or Ditch
 as the Cave, too large to be stepp'd or
 p'd over: I saw on the other Side a fort
 Bridge, which I presum'd he plac'd to
 s and repass at his Pleasure; but I could
 Ways attain to have it for my Use. This
 son seem'd to lie in a profound Sleep,
 n as they enjoy who have Innocence
 their Bed, and a good Conscience for
 ir Pillow. His Countenance seem'd a-
 ble, and vanquish'd from my Breast all
 rror and Apprehension, and brought in-
 their Place Content, and a Desire of cor-
 ponding with him, but could not find
 my Heart to make any Noise whereby
 awake him: But viewing him, and his
 console Apartment, I perceiv'd the
 ells garnish'd in an odd Manner, with
 ers Sorts of Cyphers, Emblems, and
 vices; some made of different Shells, o-
 rs of Moss, Bark of Trees, Seeds, and
 like; but all of them, of whatsoever
 y were made, had one certain Name o-
 or under, or round about them; which
 oncluded was the Name of the Goddess
 ador'd, or the Mistress he lov'd. The
 me was SCIPIANA, writ in *Roman* Cha-
 racters. In some Places there was a fla-
 g Heart crown'd with that Name, here
 roken Heart, there a chain'd Heart; in
 Place Knots and Devices, in that the

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Emblems of Death and Despair ; but all what Kind soever, was still SCIPIANA which was, for the most Part, made of Clay, roll'd into a certain Bigness, fit to make large Letters, plain to be read at the Distance. Casting my Eyes directly above his Head, I saw these Words :

*When I but dream of her I love,
I envy not the Bless'd above,
Nor wish to be the mighty Jove.*

*Then, O ! ye Gods, her Vision show,
Since that is all you can bestow,
And all that Hope has left me now.*

By these Verses, Emblems, and Mottoes, began to conclude, the Inhabitant I there saw, to be some desparate unfortunate Lover, and therefore a fit Companion of my Misfortunes. As I stood looking on him with no small Astonishment, I perceiv'd his Lips mov'd, with a pleas'd Countenance as if he were dreaming on the Object of his Tenderness, as in reality he was : For he thought he saw his *Scipiana* on the other Side of the Trench, endeavouring to come over to him ; at which he striving to help her, awak'd ; and seeing me on the other Side, in my female Habit, believ'd me, at first Sight, to be this Object of his Adoration ; or, if not *Scipiana* her self, at least her Spirit.

spirit; whereupon he made me a thousand extravagant Complements, and coming over his Bridge, cast himself at my feet, crying, *Scipiana, Scipiana*, divine beauty, incomparable Goodness, is it you a Person, or is it thy Angelick Spirit, or some other airy Apparition that comes to visit and comfort me in this my disconsolate solitude? whatever thou art, I am sure I find my self happy in the Vision. Thus he went on, with a thousand other the like expressions, all the while kissing my Feet and embracing my Knees with the utmost transport; insomuch, that I had much Difficulty to undeceive him, by telling him who I was, and what Disguise I wore; beseeching him to convert his Transports into Charity, and receive me into this his solitary Retreat, and instruct me in those Rudiments of Humility and Self-Denyal which he there practis'd in Perfection. At last, by divers Turns of Discourse he came out of his amorous Delirium, and receiv'd me into his Cell, with all the Courtesy and Kindness which was possible for one distressed Person to shew to another in such an Adventure, and treated me with such Rates as that savage Being afforded. Next Day, towards Evening, we heard a prodigious Shout of People, which oblig'd our Curiosity to go towards the Out-side of the Forest, thereby to inform our selves of the

70 EXILIUS: Or,

Cause of that great Noise, where we were soon made to understand the Affair, by the Sight of a Funeral Pile, on which they said *Clarinthia* was to be burnt; for since the guilty *Ismenus* was escap'd, the innocent *Clarinthia* was to sustain the whole Shock of *Amilcar's* Anger, supposing her to be an Assistant, or at least conscious of his Escape. At this Information I was so concern'd, that I was running to offer my self to the Tyrant, thereby to save her; but my Companion stopp'd me, saying, We might exercise our Courage another Way more useful to her, or at least part with our Lives more honourably. I was very ready to take his Instructions, and so resolv'd to act as he should advise, he being a Person of greater Experience than myself. Whilst he was giving me his Directions, the beauteous Prisoner came boundled by the Hands of *Amilcar's* Servants, and a great Rabble of Spectators following. Then it was we rush'd in amongst 'em crying, *A Pardon, A Pardon*; by which Means the People made Way for us, till we got to those who handed this fair Victim. The first my noble Companion dispatch'd, whose Sword I took, and there with assisted my Friend with such Success that we soon kill'd, or put to Flight, those who had the Charge of her Execution who were only some of *Amilcar's* Servants.

The rest of this head-lefs Mob dispers'd
 themselves of Course, some running one
 Way, some another; few of those Barba-
 rians knowing what we meant or would be-
 come. For the vulgar Part of the *Africans* are
 extremely unthoughtful and unpolish'd,
 without Reflection or Fore-sight, but, like
 Mules, follow the common Track mark'd
 out by their Leaders, who are the Nobi-
 lity, and command their respective Di-
 stricts with an absolute Authority; his Will
 being the Law by which he governs, hav-
 ing scarce any other Rule to guide either
 his own or others Actions by, tho' now they
 begin to improve; the Nobles industri-
 ously applying themselves to learn the
 Laws and Customs of the *Romans* and *Egyp-
 tians*, according to their respective Proxi-
 mity. But not to entertain you with their
 Customs, which merit not your Hearing :
 In short, we deliver'd the beauteous Priso-
 ner, and brought her along with us to the
 Forest, where we went no more to the
 Cave, but forc'd our selves into the thick-
 et and most unfrequented Parts of the
 Wood; Night befriending us, we accom-
 plish'd our Escape. Next Morning our ge-
 nerous and valiant Friend brought us to a
 certain Place on the Sea-shoar, where he
 saw the Carcass of an old Vessel lay, in a
 Creek between two Rocks, which was the
 one that had brought him thither, for he
 was

was not a Native of that Country. Into this miserable Instrument of Escape we descended, not without great Difficulty, the Rocks being stupendous and craggy. By the Help of some Poles we had provided for that Purpose, we got the Boat out of the Creek; and, having a prosperous Gale, were soon driven out into the midst of the *Mediterranean*. The Gods having been thus far propitious, we could not Despair, tho' otherwise there was scarce any Shadow of Safety, we being in an old Shell of a Vessel, without either Sails, Oars, or any manner of Tackling, or Food to supply our Necessities. But *Clarinthia's* pious Intention gave us some Encouragement, believing the Gods would not abandon so bright a Votary; for she all along told us, that having lost her *Lyfander*, she now resolv'd to become a Vestal Nun, if, by the Favour of the Gods, she arriv'd safe into her own Country. The Gods hearing the Prayers and Vows of so much Beauty and Innocence, sent to our Assistance an *Italian Ship*, who charitably took us in, and, at my Request, furnish'd me with a Suit of Manly Apparel, I leaving with them my Female Accoutrements.

Thus we were brought to this Coast, *Clarinthia* being very much indispos'd with the Sea-Voyage, and the preceding Fatigue, desir'd to be set on Shoar the first Opportunity.

Opp

Into Opportunity, which was on this Strand,
 where we found our selves deliver'd from
 violent Death, and maritime Dangers, but
 expos'd to the Misery of wanting every
 Thing ; from which, by your Charity, we
 are at present deliver'd (addressing him-
 self to *Marrcellus*) and now you see, Sir,
 continued he) what unfortunate People are
 the Objects of your Bounty, even desti-
 tute of all Means to testify our Gratitude,
 but a sincere Acknowledgment. And ha-
 ving found you thus far our Benefactor, we
 have Reason to believe you to be one of
 those Noble Souls, who find a Satisfaction
 in exhibiting Benefits; therefore we may
 reasonably apply our selves to your Pru-
 dence and Goodness, to counsel and assist
 this unfortunate Lady in accomplishing
 her Business with the Senate, that she may
 speedily be establish'd in that holy Retreat
 her Soul longs after, amongst the Vestal
 Virgins. I shall always (reply'd *Marcellus*)
 be ready to assist the Distress'd, especially
 Persons of your Merit; but methinks the
 Beauty of *Clarinthia* ought not to be hid in
 those obscure Cells, but placed in such a
 Sphere, where it may irradiate, and en-
 liven the Hearts of all admiring Beholders.
 Ah! Sir, reply'd *Clarinthia*, had my *Ly-*
sander liv'd, I should have thought on no
 such Retreat; but since his Death, I ought
 to count those Beauties with which I am
 com-

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complemented, but as Comets, whose Aspects are horrible, and their Influence destructive to my Quiet; wherefore it behoves me to endeavour their Fall and Dissolution; for, besides the Death of the incomparable *Lysander*, my other Misfortunes render me unfit for human Society, so ought to be lopp'd off as an useless and combersom Member of the Body Politick; and since Death's kind Hand refuses me that Favour, my self shall do it, by a voluntary dying Life among those sacred Recluses. Since your Resolution is fix'd (said *Marcellus*) on a Design so agreeable to the Gods, it were impiety to oppose it; therefore, to fortify your Interest with the Senate, I will wait on you to my Lord *Publius Scipio*, whose House is near. I know the Love he has for your Ladyship, as also for the Memory of your virtuous Mother, will engage him in your Concerns, both by his Advice, and Interest in the Senate; but at present, Rest being the most necessary Accommodation, after so many great and dangerous Fatigues, we will conduct you to your Apartment.

BOOK III.

HAVING left *Clarinthia* and the other weary Travellers to repose themselves by the Bounty of *Marcellus*, I beg the Reader to accompany me through a pleasant Grove to *Publius Scipio's* House, where we find this venerable Lord transported with Joy at the unexpected Return of his beautiful Daughter, after having been so long given over for lost. *Clelia's* Happiness also was inexpressible, to have again the Company of her dear Cousin, who had been the Associate of her tender Years.

The two Ladies rising early, walk'd into the Grove, to offer their Morning Oblations to the Goddess *Aurora*, who had there an Altar, (as before-mention'd) after which they seated themselves in a pleasant Shade, which the Day before had been the happy place of their Meeting; and at *Clelia's* request, *Scipiana* relates the following History.

The HISTORY of SCIPIANA.

YOU are not Ignorant, Cousin, (said *Scipiana*) that the Death of my Mother, the Loss of my little Brother *Scipio*, and the Banishment of the noble *Catullus*,
so

so afflicted my Father, that he abandon'd *Rome*, and retir'd to this his Country-Seat where I remain'd with him, leading a Life somewhat particular for my Sex and Quality, for I made the Study of Philosophy the *Greek* and Oriental Tongues, my Business and Diversion. How far this is suitable to our Sex I dare not pretend to determine, the Men having taken Learning for their Province, we must not touch upon its Borders without being suppos'd Ufurpers. However, since it did not displease my Father, I regret not those Moments bestow'd in its Service, but think 'em still my own, and not slipp'd with the rest of my Life's Actions into the Abyss of Time past, (which returns no more) but are always present, or at least the Product of those Moments, to wit, the good Morals I learn'd, are always at my Command. 'Tis probable, if Fortune had provided me a more publick Station, I had employ'd my Time otherwise; but in this Retirement with my Father, I cou'd not find more agreeable Entertainment.

When my Brother return'd in Triumph from his *Asian* Conquest, you know that according to the *Roman* Custom, I was there to meet the Triumpher amongst the other *Roman* Ladies. Your Brother, the Noble *Fabius*, in Pursuance of our Parents Desires, offer'd me his Love, with a Gallantry

suitable

uitable to his Youth and Quality, which I receiv'd according to his Merit, and my duty; knowing it to be the Will of those who had Power to dispose of us and our fortunes. Thus we thought we had built our Amours on the safest and surest Foundation, Duty, and Conveniency; but alas! those fair Edifices are not able to resist the storms and Hurricanes which are raised by cross Fortune, but fall with the first Shock, as will appear by the sequel of my Story.

Clodius, who, you know, makes Love to all the World, did not spare me, I suppose out of Curiosity, as knowing me to be a Country Lady, he thought to find an Entertainment particular and different from others. What was his Motive it matters not, I always let him know his Addresses were unwelcome, and his loose Humour disagreeable; nor did I scruple to own my Kindness to *Fabius*, since our Marriage was so speedily to be celebrated. To which *Clodius* answer'd, that *Fabius* should never live with me, nor *Clodius* without me; and thus he endeavour'd to make good, in attempting to assassinate *Fabius* in the Street the Night before our Departure from Rome. You may remember that we were to have gone together to this, my Father's House, where the Nuptials were to have been celebrated, but this Accident befalling *Fabius*, prevented both him and you; wherefore
my

my Brother and I took our Journey privately, he sending his Equipage before, whilst we came with no other Attendance than his Gentleman *Fidelius*, and my Woman *Milena*, besides those necessary for the Conduct of the Chariot. Our Journey the first Day was very agreeable, except the Regret we had for your Absence, and your Brother's Illness, which detain'd you both. The next Day towards Evening, going by a pleasant Wood, whose verdant Trees and flowery Banks deserv'd our Regard, and might have given us Entertainment, but that a little Weariness had laid a kind of drowsy Silence upon me, whereupon *Asteticus* merrily told me, if *Fabius* was here I should be better Company; have Patience, Sister (continued he) his Wound will not detain him long. To which I reply'd, that the Love and Honour I had for my Cousin *Fabius* oblig'd me to wish his speedy Recovery, but not for my own Sake, in Regard of our Marriage, which was to succeed; for I assure you (continu'd I) my Inclinations to a marry'd Life are very little. No, reply'd my Brother, your Books have spoil'd you making you prefer the Conversation of the Dead to that of the Living. But what think you, will you consent that we make these your dead Companions augment the Fireworks which will be prepar'd for the celebrating your Nuptials? Take it

not

Not ill, dear Sister (continu'd he) that I
front your Fancy touching a learned Wo-
man, I think it as misbecoming in your
sex, as Effeminacy in ours; and a learn-
ed Lady is as ridiculous as a spinning *Her-*
cles.

Whilst we were in this Discourse by the
foresaid Wood, we heard the Cries of a
Woman in Distress. *Asiaticus* being touch'd
with Pity and Generosity, forced himself
into the Forest to assist this distress'd Per-
son, leaving *Fidelius* to wait on me. We
continu'd our Journey with all convenient
speed, in order to send *Fidelius* after his
Master, and in a little Time we arriv'd at
a magnificent House, where liv'd an an-
cient Lady, Mother to *Lucullus*, and with
her *Femella*, her Grand-child. The good
Lady and *Femella* were walking in the out-
ward Court, and very kindly invited me
to stay that Night; which Favour I ac-
cepted without Ceremony, in Considera-
tion of sending *Fidelius* after his Master.

Here I was entertain'd by these good
Ladies with all proper Civility and Respect.
I slept but little, by Means of the Inqui-
sitions I had in my Thoughts for my Brother.
On rising early next Morning, *Femella*, to
divert me, led me into the Garden, which
was indeed most surprizingly beautiful. You
know the Garden of *Lucullus* at Rome is
very fine, but far short of this his Country-
Seat,

80 EXILIUS: Or,

Seat, which is most richly adorn'd with Statues, Water-works, and all Sorts of rare Trees and Plants, rang'd in exact Order making curious Walks, Arbors, and Recreations, most pleasant and beautiful. After a few Turns, we seated our selves. and then I took the Liberty to ask *Jemella* how Affairs were between her and *Marcellus*, which I thought was no uncivil Curiosity, the Espousals being no Ways a Secret. *Jemella* made no Difficulty to relate to me the whole Affair; and because those Transactions may concern you (my dear Cousin) I will tell you what I can remember.

The HISTORY of MARCELLUS and JEMELLA, related by SCIPIANA.

IN my tender Years (said *Jemella*) my Father and the noble *Marcellus* being tied in a strict Bond of Friendship, thought to strengthen and perpetuate the same, by uniting us, their only Children, in the Bonds of Marriage; which they accomplish'd, or rather began, (for ended it must never be) when we were about seven or eight Years of Age, for then we were marry'd as Minors. In this State we liv'd at *Rome*, 'till Time and Acquaintance with the World made us begin to have a secret Regret for being unlike the rest of our Companions, who were single, and at Liberty

will direct their Affections according to the
 ment of their Inclinations, of which most
 of rare desirable Privilege we found our selves de-
 Order riv'd, by our Parents too prudently fore-
 Receiv'd, by our Parents too prudently fore-
 after calling our Choice. This Regret was fol-
 then low'd by a Kind of Aversion for each other's
 w Al company, and that Person that could most
 which irritably Pique or shock the other, was the
 the happy Conqueror. This, I suppose, our
 Yem Parents perceiv'd, which made 'em provide
 e the for our Separation; for *Marcellus* was sent
 in fact to *Athens* to study among the rest of the
 in) Roman Nobility; and I was sent hither to
 his Country Solitude, with Design (I sup-
 pose) to prevent my Thoughts from fixing
 and elsewhere in the Absence of *Marcellus*.

A. When we were come to those Years in
 which our Laws oblige us to give our final
 my Consent or Denial, my Lord *Marcellus* sent
 eing for his Son, but he begg'd Leave to stay
 ght yet another Year, which my Lord his Fa-
 by ther endeavour'd to palliate to me, by
 the telling me it was out of a true Honour
 om profound Respect, which he had for my
 and Merit, made him deny his own
 Happiness, thereby to render himself more
 worthy my Acceptance. Whatever was
 the Cause was to me indifferent, the De-
 lay was very agreeable; for beside the
 Coldness between us, I had no Mind to
 engage myself so soon in a marry'd State,
 always counting this Time of Virginity
 more

more distinctly my own, as if snatch'd from the round Ring of Eternity; tho' I must confess I could wish to employ these Moments otherwise than in this Solitude. But thus it must be, I having no Mother, and oblig'd to be under the Jurisdiction of my Grandmother, who is a Lady of great Virtue and Wisdom, but thoroughly fix'd to this Country Abode, which is my Aversion.

Before the Year was ended, which *Marcellus* requir'd for the improving his Studies, the Preparations were making for the *African* Expedition, in which *Scipio* (your Noble Brother) was constituted General. *Marcellus*, who had always entertain'd a particular Esteem for *Scipio*, and had now, it seems, a greater Devotion to the God *Mars* than *Cupid*, begg'd his Father to defer his Marriage, and give him Leave to accompany his beloved Friend *Scipio*, and with him to gather at least one Branch of those Laurels which Fortune seem'd to have planted for the Head of this her young Favourite. This pleas'd me so very much, that my Father could scarce be perswaded but that I had some secret Intrigue, which made him recommend to my Grandmother an exact Vigilance over me, even to a tiresome Constraint, nor could I obtain Permission to go to *Rome*, to see the Glorious Triumph of *Scipio*, to congratulate the Triumpher,

pher, with the other *Roman Ladies*; which so displeas'd me, that I made a hearty Resolution never to be marry'd to *Marcellus*. In this State, Madam, (*said she*) are my Affairs at present; I daily expect to be sent for by my Father, to give my determining Voice before the Senate, which I resolve shall be absolutely Negative; tho', at the same Time, I count my self bound in Honour to make some religious Pretence; for to oppose the Choice of my Parents, without some very laudable Reason, is to affront their Judgments, and prefer my own; and, at the same Time, all the World will believe me to have some bye Intrigue, unless I make Devotion the Veil of this my Disobedience; tho' I protest I am so far from having any real Call or Inclination to a religious Life, that I hate all Manner of Constraint. How then shall I endure those Hardships which attend the holy Recluses? This my ill founded Vocation makes me suspect that of others, and tempts me almost to conclude that the Vestals, and *Diana's* numerous Train, have many of them no better Motives than my self, to wit, some worldly Inclination or Aversion, and not the pure Love of the Gods, as they piously pretend. But let what will happen, I am resolv'd to hazard any Thing rather than marry *Marcellus*, who has shew'd so much Indifferency for me, that he has
neither

84 EXILIUS: Or,

neither come, sent, nor taken any manner of notice of me since his Return. I must confess, reply'd I (said *Scipiana*) that no Goodness can pardon such Negligence, and 'tis certain his Crimes deserve the capital Punishment of an absolute Refusal; nevertheless, I do not see that you are oblig'd for that Reason to sequester your self from all the Happiness of human Life; for in so doing, you punish your innocent virtuous self instead of him the Criminal. No, Madam, (continued I) let me beg you to alter that Resolution, and when you have given your Refusal legally before the Senate, desire to return hither to your Grandmother. And though the Place be remote, and by its Distance from *Rome* something solitary yet, believe me, it will not be so long for if you go not to *Rome*, your Beauty and Merit will bring *Rome* hither; for Nature makes not her Work in vain. She made your Beauty to be admir'd and belov'd and when the World knows you are quite detach'd from *Marcellus*, every Heart will hope for some small Place in your Favour. The Youths will come to adore your Beauty, the Beauties to enjoy the Sweetness of your Conversation, and the grave ones to honour your Virtue, and altogether make an agreeable Concourse of pleasant Company. We were in this Kind of Discourse when *Fidelius* came to us, and with a fair

Coun

P A

Countenance told us, that he had found the Place of a very unlucky Rencontre, and then bursting into Tears, said, he had there found his Noble Master slain, whose Body he intended to have brought away; but whilst he run about to catch his Horse, (which was got from him) the Body was gone. At this Relation I fainted quite away. *Fidelius* ran to the House to get some little Cordial for me; in the mean Time, *Demella*, and *Milena*, my Woman, by rubbing, and other Endeavours, brought me to myself; when, all on the sudden, there rush'd in at the Back Gate of the Garden *Clodius* and his Servants, who, in spite of all our Cries and Resistance, took us away; *Clodius* being conscious of what he had done to *Fabius*, had left Rome for fear of being apprehended, and was now making his Way to *Sardinia*, where he had a state-made Castle, and great Lordships. Being lighted at this Place, to view a curious piece of carved Work over the Gate, he heard our Voices, and finding the Gate open, by what Accident or Negligence I know not, he rush'd in and took us away as fore-mention'd. We soon arriv'd on the Sea-Coast, where he had a Vessel ready, in which he imbarck'd us, and for an Augmentation of our Misfortune, he put us in different Cabins, where, according to his old amorous Humour, he made Love to

86 EXILIUS: Or,

us both alternatively ; and here he own
to me, that he had made that Attempt
on *Fabius*, purely for my sake, to deliver
me from the Necessity of casting away
my Wit, Youth, and Beauty, on a sober
moral Plebeian Idol, as he was pleas'd
to term the noble and vertuous *Fabius*.
And that out of no Motive (added but
but an Itch of being counted the vertu-
ous, discreet, and dutiful *Scipiana*, a Pat-
tern to the Youth, and the Envy of
the Matrons, a Curb to the present licen-
tious Age, and an Example to the future
Thus you vertuous Pretenders please your
Vanity, and pride your selves in giving
Laws to the World ; and this it is engag-
you to accept of *Fabius* for an Husband ;
very well I know, that your Inclinations
are not towards him ; therefore I hope you
will not refuse your Deliverer, who has
generously taken you out of this Prison
Formality, in which you must have been
confin'd for your whole Life. Accept then
graciously this Service from your noble
Knight Errant *Clodius*.

This kind of Raillery, as it was displeas-
ing to me in it self, so doubly offendeth
by reason of my sorrowful Circumstances
which, when he perceiv'd, he chang'd the
Manner of his Discourse, and with all Re-
mission and Respect endeavour'd to excuse
himself, and assert his Passion, which

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can not to repeat; for you know *Clodius* Possessor of an Affluence of Wit, and can turn his Discourse as he pleases; which if he would use to vertuous Ends, he might deservedly have a Place in the Catalogue of Worthies; but he always follows the wild Lazes mark'd out by Fancy or Humour, without any Regard to Reason or Judgment, so that he renders himself a very odd Original, which I hope will never be copy'd by any of our noble *Romans*.

Having thus persecuted me with his Courtship, to which he found nothing but obliging Returns, he left me, and went to *Jemella*, on the same Errand, as I suppose. When I was alone, Grief supply'd the Place of Indignation, and the Thoughts of my Brother's Death supplanted all other Reflections, and every Reflection on that sorrowful Subject pierc'd my Heart with a new Wound of Grief; for whether I consider'd his Glories, his Vertues, or his fraternal Love to me, or any of his excellent Endowments, all was Excess of Sorrow, because I found my self depriv'd of all; that were his Merits, but greater was my Grief; the Excess of both transported me that I wish'd my self dead, senseless, or Prey to some Sea-Monster. I condemn'd those Philosophers as Teachers of false Principles, who assert, that the Desire of Being is inseparable to our Nature; for

the Misfortune of being cast into the Hands of *Clodius*, as well as the Death of my Brother, render'd Life to me an insupportable Burden, that I thought nothing so agreeable to my Wish as Death or Annihilation; but Experience, which often contradicts and overthrows Speculation, soon convinc'd me of the Extravagancy of these Fancies; for all on a sudden there broke out a Fire in the Ship, (by what Accident I know not) which being past all Hopes of extinguishing, we betook our selves to what Shifts we could to prolong our Lives, if but for a few miserable Moments. And to shew the Instability of our Nature, I, who but just before was so much in Love with Death, now courted Life as earnestly as any Pretender to her greatest Favour, and was very glad to be fasten'd on a Piece of the Hulk, and so committed to the other Element, in Hopes it wou'd be more merciful than that of Fire.

As *Scipiana* was going on with her Discourse, she was interrupted by a Youth approaching them, who ask'd, if the House of my Lord *Publius Scipio* was near, forasmuch as he had Letters and Business of Consequence to deliver to that noble Lord, wherefore the two Ladies, rising from their Seat, commanded the Youth to follow them, in order to conduct him to my Lord *Publius Scipio*, where we will leave them for

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Time, and return to the Strangers we
rest at *Marcellus's* House, at the other Side
the Grove.

B O O K IV.

Marcellus having promis'd to espouse
the Cause of his accidental Guest,
inform'd them who he was, and the Reason
of his being there in Disguise; and, in Pur-
suance of this his Promise, he took Orders
to have such Necessaries provided, as were
fit to appear in before *Publius*, to whom he
resolv'd to state the Case of his Amour
with *Clelia*, confiding in his Wisdom and
Goodness, to have all Things adjusted ac-
cording to Reason and Honour; and whilst
accoutrements were thus preparing, the
person who was still unknown, at the De-
sire of the others, recited his Adventures
to them as follows:

The HISTORY of EXILIUS.

MY Name, (said he) is *Exilius*, and
by my Speech I should be a *Roman*;
but I never knew any other Place or Habi-
tation, but a certain Rocky Island near
Sardinia, where, in a Cave, my Father and
I liv'd, or rather breath'd, for one can-
not call such an Abode living. Some con-

fus'd Notions remain still in my Mind
 another kind of Being before we came th
 ther, but I know not what nor where; no
 was my Father ever willing to inform me
 when Curiosity excited me to enquire. In
 this Island we were Lords and Servants
 Prince and People, having no other Co-h
 bitants for us either to command or to o
 bey; the Sun and Stars were our unerring
 Clocks and Kalendars; our Thoughts and
 Actions, like our Food, admitted no Variety
 our necessitated Temperance was our Phy
 sick, and we felt no Change of Weather
 our Bones, till we saw it in the Skies; our
 Health made our Food and hard Lodging
 as grateful to us, as all the costly Feasts the
 noble *Romans* enjoy under their rich em
 broider'd Canopies; a good Conscience
 was our never failing Opiate, to procure
 us sound Sleep; and if a Night-Crow or
 Skriech-Owl thought fit to serenade us
 our Couchée, it did not fright us into di
 mal Dreams, any more than roaring Wind
 or beating Billows could disturb the Tran
 quility of our waking Thoughts. Hope
 and Fear, the Companions of human Life
 were to us mere Strangers, that if we saw
 a Comet in the Sky, we dreaded not its in
 fluence, nor did good Aspects make us
 hope for any Thing but what we had; our
 Way of Living reconcil'd us to all the Con
 traditions of human Life, and took away

the Fear of Death. Content was to us
 great Riches, and Poverty was our sure
 guard; we found Plenty in a very little,
 and satisfy'd our Ambition in the Contempt
 of sublunary Acquests. Thus we pass'd our
 moments in a serene or rather insipid Tran-
 quillity, each succeeding Day supplanted
 its Predecessor, without the least Adven-
 ture to render any one remarkable; for we
 knew not what our Fellow-Creatures acted
 in the great World, excepting sometimes
 that we went to *Sardinia* to buy Provisions,
 hiring a little Boat of our own for that
 purpose. Never would my Father be per-
 suaded to leave this his belov'd Retreat,
 tho' I sometime solicited him with such
 arguments as my Youth and Vanity in-
 vented.

Having been one Day at *Sardinia*, we
 heard News of the great Preparation for
 the *Asian* Expedition, in which the young
Scipio was constituted General. My Fa-
 ther perceiving in me a certain Inclinati-
 on to practise in the Army some of those
 Horrors in which he had long instructed
 his dear Disciple, with much Good-
 ness and paternal Affection told me, the
 time was now come, in which Reason ob-
 liged him to use Violence to his Inclinati-
 on, in resolving to part with me, the on-
 ly Happiness of his disconsolate Abode:
 he said he, Heaven requires it, the Ser-

vice of your Country calls for it, and, most of all, your own Merits lay a just Claim to it; and, tho' your tender Affection towards me restrains your Words on that Subject, nevertheless your Eyes and every Action of your Life speaks, and I am bound to hear, and grant a Request so just and reasonable; then go, my Son, the Darling of my Soul, the Happiness of the poor Remnant of my Days, go, I say, serve thy Country, assist thy noble young General, and gain Glory to thy self; whilst I, thy poor doating Sire, in this my uncouth Solitude shall offer my perpetual Vows. These tender Words, mix'd with his Tears, in the sight of all my Endeavours, forc'd a Passage for mine, that 'twas some Time before I could reply for Weeping; and with humble Thanks told him, that I should so carefully observe those excellent Instructions which he had daily inculcated into me his much oblig'd Disciple, that I doubted not but to reap a very fertile Harvest of Glory, which I promis'd to bring Home to him, not only as the Proprietor, but the Cultivator of the Soil; and 'tis certain, had my Application answer'd his Industry, might have been a very accomplish'd Person; for there is not a greater Master in all Learning, Military and Civil, in all Exercises, both of Arts and Arms, than my Father. I perceiving that he was extreamly

My pleas'd at the Promise of my Return, repeated it to him again; adding, that no Diversity of Fortune should frustrate that Resolution, (if the Gods spar'd my Life) for if good, his Presence would make it double; if bad, his wise Conversation would diminish its Disagreements. This Assurance my Father receiv'd with all the Marks of Kindness possible, telling me, that my Love now equall'd that Duty I had always shew'd to him, and both made him a most happy Father; that he valued this Favour from the Gods much before Riches, or Honours, or any other Blessing of human Life. Many of these endearing Discourses pass'd between us during the Time that my small Equipage was preparing. In fine, our Parting was very sorrowful; a thousand Caresses, mixt with Tears, attended that ungrateful Moment; innumerable Sighs and Blessings accompany'd my Departure, and his constant Prayers follow'd me in my Voyage.

I got to the Army but few Days before that great Battle, which was to decide the Fate of *Asia*. I think I had the good Fortune to do some particular Service to the General: At these Words *Marcellus* in a great Suprize said, O good Gods, are you that signal Person, who so valiantly reliev'd our General, and thereby made Victory wait upon our *Roman* Eagles, who be-

gan to flag their Wings: O valiant Sir, (continued *Marcellus*, embracing him) you are not only in my Arms, but in my Heart, and in the Hearts of all honourable Commanders, and indeed of all noble Romans, who at this Time do, and for all future Ages shall, enjoy the Fruits of your Valour in that Day's Service. O! Sir, why were you so cruel to the noble General, and to us all, as to take your self from us, without giving us Opportunity to testify our Gratitude? How often have I heard the generous *Scipio* lament his Misfortune, in being depriv'd of you the Author of his Safety, before he had the Opportunity to render you Acknowledgments suitable to your Merits. Sir, reply'd *Exilius*, I knew the General's noble Nature would have heap'd greater Honours upon me, than my weak Merit was capable to support; and not only so, but I knew also his courteous affable Humour to be so engaging, that I durst not trust my self under the Temptation, having promis'd to return to my Father; therefore I chose rather to desert the most excellent *Scipio*, when simply my General, than when become my Benefactor; and perhaps his Benefits adorn'd with his Friendship also, which would have been too many strong Links for me to have broke, especially being already infeebled by a great Inclination towards this illustrious

us Hero. These Considerations, Sir, continued *Exilius*) made me secretly leave the Army, and return to my Father in his rocky Island, whose Health and tender Careless were to me all that Ambition could prompt a young Heart to hope for, and Glory make it to enjoy. He signaliz'd his Love in every Word, and when Joy overcharg'd his aged Heart, so as to make him dumb, his Tears spoke, and in a more eloquent Manner than Words, testify'd his Satisfaction. His Thanksgiving to the Gods were incessant, as had been his Supplications on my Behalf while absent. Here we pass'd our Days in the same Tranquillity as before, my Father in Devotion, and I in divers Sorts of Study; but chiefly Poetry was my darling Favourite. The Conversation of other Books were passant, these are the Entertainments of coquet Mistresses; but this, like a faithful Spouse, was my constant Companion; in her I enjoy'd the whole World, from the Shepherd's peaceful Shades, to the Victor's triumphant Laurels: In her I enjoy'd the Greatness of the Roman Senators, and the Riches of the Alexandrian Merchants; the Power of Kings, and the Happiness of well-govern'd People; the Brightness of the Court-Lady, and the Innocence of the Country-Maid; the Consolation of a faithful Friend, and the Diversion of a pleasant Companion.

By

By her I thought our rocky Island a terrestrial Paradise, there being nothing to disturb my Enjoyment of this my fantastick Spouse. I here walking one Evening on the Side of the Rock, admiring the extreme Calm of the Sea and Serenity of the Air, contrary to what it had been the Day before, and having been reading a Greek Poet, who compares Women to Winds and Seas, and other Things turbulent and changeable, my Thoughts turn'd themselves into these Words :

*Ab ! happy are we Anchorites that know
Not Fortune's Ebbs, nor when her Love will flow
Nor yet the Storms that rage in Womens Breasts
But here in Quiet build our Halcyon Nests,
Where no deceitful Calm our Faith beguiles,
No cruel Frowns, nor yet more cruel Smiles ;
No rising Wave of Fate our Hopes advance,
Nor fear we fathomless Despair, or Chance :
But our strong Minds, like Rocks, their Firmness
prove.
Defying both the Storms of Fate and Love.*

As I thus entertain'd my Thoughts, lifting up my Eyes, I saw at a Distance like Fire on the Sea, and looking on it earnestly, I perceiv'd something floating from it driven by the Motion of the Waves ; wherefore I made out our little Boat, concluding it some Thing or Person that had escap'd

the Fury of the Flames. Approaching near, I found it was a Woman fasten'd on a Piece of the Ship, whom I took up, as Charity oblig'd me, and brought Home, where my Father and I us'd our Endeavours to bring her to Life, which in a little Time prov'd effectual. We put her into my Bed, and I gave my Father the Trouble of a Bedfellow that Night where I slept not at all; the Strangeness of the Adventure, and the Beauty of the Person, gave a pleasing Surprise to my whole Interiour, and put such a Guard on the Avenues of my Eyes, that Sleep could not enter, even when befriended by the Darkeness of the Night, and the Silence of our rocky Cavern.

When Light, the busy Inspectrix of all our Actions, had exercis'd her prying Faculty into our Cave, I, being excited by Curiosity, drew near the Bed, where the weary Stranger lay in a profound Sleep, with her Arms carelessly cast over her Head; O Gods, how was my poor Heart charm'd, and all my Senses ravish'd at this pleasing View! I concluded that nothing human could be so divinely fair; no, no, (said I) it is some Goddess descended from Above, and by her seeming Distress tries how we would exercise our Charity towards our Fellow-Creatures on the like Occasion, therefore as such she ought to be ador'd. Then kneeling down, in soft Whispers I
im-

o8 EXILIUS: Or,

implor'd her Protection; a thousand extravagant Things I utter'd, as on my Knees I lay all trembling in a devout Extasy.

The clear Light shining into the Cave, awak'd my Father, which I no sooner perceiv'd, but I softly left my Station. He arose with as little Noise as possible, that he might not disturb her; however, he was scarce got ready when she awak'd, to whom he address'd with the usual Civilities of the Morning; after which he enquir'd of her Country, and the Cause of her Distress: To which she reply'd, that her Name was *Scipiana*, Daughter to *Publius Scipio*, who had been carried away by *Clodius*, and so was reduc'd to that Distress, by means of the Ship's being burnt. This Knowledge of her Quality augmented our Respect, and doubled our Desires of rendering her Service, of which my Father made all the Assurances possible, withal telling her, that no Opportunity should be omitted for her Return, either speedily in Person, or by sending Letters to her Father, that he might give Order as he thought convenient. *Scipiana* giving my Father Thanks, told him she desir'd to return in Person with all possible speed, tho' I shall find little Satisfaction (continued she) in my native Country, since I can no more see nor enjoy that Delight of my Eyes and Treasure of my Heart, the noble *Asiaticus*, my be-
lov'd

lov'd Brother, of whom I am depriv'd by
an unfortunate Death. O Gods! said *Mar-*
cellus, interrupting her, is it certain then,
that the brave, the generous *Scipio Asiaticus*
is no more! Has the Tyrant Death depriv'd
Mankind of that Ornament of our Be-
ing in general, and of our Country in par-
ticular? *Scipiana*, his Sister, affirm'd it,
reply'd *Exilins*: At which *Marcellus* again
interrupted him with Tears and Lamenta-
tions for his own and the publick Loss, in
the Death of that incomparable Hero:
Never could *Rome* boast of a more accom-
plish'd Worthy, (continued he) for he was
in all Things exemplary; Learning and
Wisdom, Valour and Vertue, he possess'd,
with all their most bright Imbellishments,
Asiaticus! *Asiaticus*! my dear Friend! my
noble General! unhappy that I am to live
to hear this doleful News. I was honour'd in
thy Friendship; I glory'd in being thine
Associate in the War: I was proud of being
thy Cotemporary. But, ah! my Friend,
my Glory, Happiness, and Satisfaction, is
all sunk with thee into thy Grave. O ye
Gods, why have ye made Mankind of such
a brittle Nature! or why have you made
some so desireable and pleasing to all others,
and then snatch them away from us, when
our Affections are most firmly fix'd to their
Merits, or when we stand most in Need of
their Examples! O ye Divine Powers! if

100 EXILIUS: Or,

I durst, I wou'd accuse your Providence; but ah! that wou'd not restore me my *Asiaticus*, my Country's *Asiaticus*, nay, even the World's *Asiaticus*; with many other doleful Lamentations of this Kind, to that Degree, that the Company (tho' Strangers) cou'd not forbear weeping also. After having paid this just Tribute to the Memory of his worthy Friend, he endeavour'd to refrain himself, and begg'd *Exilius* to proceed.

Exilius returning to his Discourse, said, Whilst my Father endeavour'd to console and assist *Scipiana*, I withdrew out of the Cave, as not being able to support the Sight of those Tears, each Drop of which was more painful than so much Blood pouring from my Heart; and taking the same little Walk on the Side of the Rock, where, the Evening before, I had entertain'd my Muse in Praise of that dismal Abode. I here chid my Heart for the Crimes it had committed all its Life against Love and Beauty. I told it, that such a Rebel deserv'd to wear less noble Chains than those Fortune had provided for it in the Person of *Scipiana*. Alas! said I, how ignorant was I last Night of true Happiness, to think it consisted in a dull Neglect, or Stoical Contempt of all Human Pleasures; or to imagine any true Felicity cou'd be had without its true Author, Woman. With these

kind

kind of Thoughts I entertain'd my self,
till the pregnant Fancy took Birth in these
Words:

*Ab! beauteous Sex, to you we're bound to give
Our Thanks for all the Blessings we receive:
Ev'n that we're Men, the Chief of all our Boast,
Without your Sex, were a vast Blessing lost.
In vain wou'd Man his mighty Patent show,
That Reason makes him Lord of all below;
If Woman did not moderate his Rule,
He'd be a Tyrant, or a softly Fool:
For e'er Love's Documents inform his Breast,
He's but a thoughtless kind of Household Beast.
Houses, alas! there no such Things wou'd be,
He'd live beneath the Umbrage of a Tree;
Or else usurp some Free-born* Native's Cave,
And so inhabit, whilst alive, a Grave;
Or o'er the World this lordly Brute wou'd rove,
Were he not taught and civiliz'd by Love.
'Tis Love and Beauty regulate our Souls;
No Rules so certain as in Cupid's Schools.
Your Beauty teaches whatsoe'er is good,
Else Good from Bad had scarce been understood;
What's eligible by your Smiles we know,
And by your Frowns refuse what is not so.
Thus the rough Draught of Man you have refin'd,
And polish'd all the Passions of his Mind.*

His

* A Beast's Den.

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*His Cares you lessen, and his Joys augment,
 To both Extreams set the just Bounds, Content.
 In fine, 'tis you to Life its Relish give,
 Or 'twere inspid, not worth while to live.
 Nay, more, we're taught Religion too by you;
 'Twas not by Chance that such Perfections grew;
 No, no, it was th'Eternal Pow'rs which thus
 Chose to exhibit their bright Selves to us;
 And, for an Antepast of future Bliss,
 Sent you (their Images) from Paradise.*

I had scarce finish'd these Words, when I
 saw *Scipiana* coming out of the Cave, like
 Lightning out of a Cloud, striking me, the
 poor Beholder, that I remain'd immove-
 able, 'till she, approaching, ask'd me divers
 Questions of the Place, and our Way of
 Living; telling me it was Pity that such a
 Personage should live in such a Kind of
 savage Solitude, where I cou'd no way be
 useful to the World, nor answer the End of
 my Creation. I have (said she) been per-
 swading your Father to quit this uncouth
 Way of Living, and make Mankind hap-
 py in his excellent Conversation; and not
 only so, but reform the World by his ver-
 tuous Example. In this Discourse we were,
 when my Father, coming out of the Cave,
 commanded me to go to *Sardinia*, and there
 hire a Ship, with all Things necessary, to
 carry *Scipiana* into *Italy*, to her Father,
 according as she desir'd. This I perform'd
 with

with Speed and Success, in few Hours bringing with me a Vessel, and all Conveniencies for her Service ; and by my Father's Command, I was to wait upon her in her Voyage, which she was very unwilling to permit, as being loth to bereave my Father of his Company ; and therefore most earnestly invited Him along with me ; but he cou'd not be prevail'd upon to leave his beloved Cell, which no doubt was to him a certain Heaven, where his devout Soul conversed daily with the Powers divine.

We sail'd with a prosperous Gale, which in a little Time wou'd have brought us on the *Italian* Shoar at *Cajeta*, where we intended to disembark, that Port being near the House of *Publius Scipio*, her noble Father ; but passing by the Coasts of *Sicily*, we were met by Pyrates, who being many and well arm'd, soon made themselves our Masters. They carry'd us into *Egypt*, where we were sold to a Merchant of *Alexandria*. Here *Scipiana* thought fit to conceal her Name and Quality, 'till she cou'd find Means to inform her Father of her Condition, thereby to receive his Orders, and so direct her Measures accordingly. She call'd herself *Exilia*, by which Name you are to know her in my succeeding Discourse. She was pleas'd to honour me so far as to oblige me to call her Sister, pretending to be private Citizens of *Rome*,
and

and had been at *Sardinia* on some Business and were taken in our Return.

Our Master, who was one of the wealthiest Citizens of *Alexandria*, and of a generous gentel Inclination, observ'd in us something so agreeable, that he treated us more like Friends than Slaves; and finding *Scipiana* of an extraordinary Beauty, and all other Qualifications equivalent to that of her lovely Person, he made a Present of her to a certain Court Lady, his Friend at once to oblige her, and to place *Scipiana* in a better State of Servitude. This Lady observing *Exilia's* Perfections, (which indeed were such as could not be hid) put her into a very rich Dress, and on the Queen's Birth-Day made a Present of her to her Majesty. The Queen, who is in her Nature very gracious and affable, soon became acquainted with *Exilia's* Perfections; in particular, *Exilia* was Mistress of a very fine Voice, with which she frequently diverted the Queen, who lov'd the Italian Airs, as well as their Language. *Exilia* being thus esteem'd by the Queen, her Majesty was graciously pleas'd to ask her about her Country and Kindred; which gave her an Opportunity to let her Majesty know of my being in Bondage with the Merchant my Master, representing me as her Brother; upon which her Majesty was pleas'd to order me to be brought into her Presence.

Presence, and when she saw me, she told me, 'twas Pity a Person of my Stature should remain in Bondage, and therefore with much Goodness purchas'd my Freedom; and in Consideration that *Romans* are generally good Soldiers, made me to be plac'd in the Guards, 'till some proper Post might fall for my Advancement. In the mean Time, *Exilia's* Merits promoted her daily in the Queen's Favour, that in a little Time the Queen not only discharg'd her of Bondage, but plac'd her among the chief of her Retinue.

Thus was *Exilia* advanc'd in few Days from Slavery, to a Station of great Honour, where her Beauty and Virtue shin'd in their proper Sphere, rendering her the Object of every Bodies Esteem. Her Words and Actions were the Model by which the Ladies fashion'd their Discourse and Behaviour; her Beauty was the Theme of the Gentlemens Admiration and Entertainment; her Piety edify'd the Devout and Aged, and her Wit charm'd the Gay and Young: her courteous affable Way made her belov'd by Inferiours, and her Prudence made her esteem'd by Equals and Superiours, and by none more than by her Majesty.

Thus I beheld her at a Distance, without Hopes of farther Happiness, too well knowing myself and her, to dare to name my

106 EXILIUS: Or,

my Passion to her, telling myself that I ought to conceal it from my own Thoughts and Knowledge, if possible; but alas, the Flame was too violent to be extinguish'd, and all the Efforts of my Reason were little enough to suppress it so far as not to be perceiv'd by others. O *Scipiana*, *Scipiana*! said I to myself, thou who art Daughter to one of the Grandees of the Earth, as a Goddess fair, and as the Graces good; how dare a Wretch like me think on thee, but as a Thing most sacred? Yet, Wretch as I am, I must for ever think, and wish, and long, and love thee, though without Hope; for it is impossible for Gods or Fortune ever to render me worthy to own my Passion to thee, so great is the Disparity between us; for no Advancement on my Side can level our original Inequality. Then die, *Exilius*, for Shame die, let Despair kill thee, thou deservest no less Punishment, for harbouring a Thought so arrogant, or rather impious, in daring to love one who ought only to be belov'd by a King or a Deity. Thus I pass'd my Moments in deadly Anxiety and Despair, which augmented by the Discovery I made of the King's Inclinations towards *Exilia*; for his Majesty, who never kept any Guard over his Eyes or Heart, but suffer'd them to range after every fresh Beauty, soon became sensible of *Exilia's* Charms; of which,

as a quick-sighted Rival, I could not be ignorant, nor could have possibly supported, had I not been fortify'd by the Assurance of *Exilia's* Vertue.

One Day, the King going to see a new Ship, which lay in the Port of *Alexandria*, as he pass'd from that to view another of equal Greatness, which lay just by; his Foot slipp'd, so that he fell down between the two Ships: Whilst all look'd on without Hopes of recovering him, I, who had accusom'd myself to swimming, and in particular to diving, leap'd in, and caught hold of him, and brought him up, to the great Joy of all the By-standers. This Service the King accepted with greater Expressions of Gratitude than I expected, forasmuch as that therein I did but what my Duty oblig'd me to; for tho' I was not his Subject, yet he was my Master and Benefactor; and tho' he was my Rival, he was not mine Enemy, and above being my Competitor. A while after this, his Majesty being dissatisfy'd with one of the Captains of his Guard, *Piso* by Name (of whom more hereafter) he took away his Commission and gave it to me; which Honour was not only a Happiness to me in itself, but doubly so, in Regard that it a little diminish'd the Inequality betwixt me and the bright *Scipiana*.

Now

108 EXILIUS: Or,

Now you must know, that the *Egyptians* are extreemly jealous of the *Roman* Greatness, therefore cannot endure that we should bear any Office of Honour or Profit among them; and this being a Charge of great Trust as well as Honour, caused perpetual Murmurings among the People, which was fomented by the disgraced Captain and his Friends, with all the subtil Insinuations possible; as if the King meant to join with the *Romans*, to overthrow the Religion and Laws of the *Egyptians*. These Murmurings once infus'd into the Heads and Hearts of the People, fermented so till their Discontents broke out into an absolute Rebellion, which took its Beginning in the Country, some Miles distant from *Alexandria*. The Rebels were headed by *Piso*, the aforesaid disgrac'd Captain; who making towards *Alexandria*, daily increas'd their Body, pretending that all they did or intended, was for the Service of the Gods, and the Preservation of their Laws and Religion.

The King resolv'd to send the Prince *Philometer*, his Brother, against them, with what Force he could make, which was not great, having but few regular Troops, and those which were then rais'd, for want of understanding Discipline, were capable of doing but small Service; besides the Danger of their being already infected with rebel-

lious

ious Principles; and what was equally unhappy, the Prince *Philometer*, who was to lead these Troops, was very little belov'd, being counted in his Heart a *Jew*, which was the Religion on Earth the most hated by the *Egyptians*. These Things being consider'd, there was great Reason to doubt the Success, tho' otherwise *Philometer* was an excellent Prince, endow'd with great Wisdom and Courage, and much experience'd in the War; a very just and pious Prince, a true Friend, and a kind loving Brother; the best of Masters to his Servants, and a faithful Subject to his King; but these and divers other excellent Qualities, could not counterpoize that Aversion the People had taken against his Religion, to wit, the *Jewish* Way of Worship. In fine, his Want of Fortune, or the Soldiers Want of Fidelity, I know not which, lost the Day, and the Army was put to Flight, and he himself taken Prisoner.

This Success of the Rebels, as it afflicted all honest and honourable Hearts, so it rejoiced all wicked and rebellious Spirits; that as the Country was the Theatre of an open and actual Rebellion, so *Alexandria* was the Nursery where they got their Parts; for in all their Clubs and Cabals, Treason went down smother than their Liquor, and black Contrivances were easier digested into Action, than their plentiful Sup-

110 EXILIUS: Or,

pers into Nourishment. Scandalous Libels
 stufed with Malice and awkward Wit, (fit
 to take raw young Readers) were thrown
 into every Shop, thereby to make the Boy
 silly Hands ready to execute in the Day
 what their Masters more silly Heads con-
 triv'd in the Night: The Priests prophan
 the Temples with false Explanations of the
 Oracles, and made the Gods the Authors
 of their Crimes, and pretend, that all their
 Sacrilege and Rebellion is for the Sake of
 the Gods. Thus they fed themselves with
 Iniquity, and cloath'd themselves with
 Hypocrisy; they bubbled the Vulgar with
 Lies, and betray'd their Superiours with
 Perjury. One ridiculous Custom they have
 lately taken up, that on the Feast-Day of
 their God *Apis*, they make a solemn Pro-
 cession, in Contempt of the *Jews* and their
 Religion, making Figures of their chief
 Writers and Rabbins, and when they have
 carry'd them thro' the City with shouting
 and reviling Acclamations, they come to
 the Place prepar'd, and there burn them
 with loud Shouts and Huzzas; so, by these
 and the like Practices, they keep themselves
 in a continual Heat and Ferment against
 they know not who or what; for the *Jews*
 are so few, and so little formidable, that
 there is no Cause of Fear; but to be fur-
 their Leaders direct their Malice against
 the King, perswading the People that he
 design

The Banish'd Roman. I I I

sign'd to subvert the Government, and
omit himself to the *Roman* Senate, which
them is the last Degree of Madness.
Nevertheless, in this Condition was his
Majesty in a Manner besieg'd in his own
place, and subordinate to his Subjects;
his Army ruin'd by the Rebels, his City
continous, his Servants and Counsellors
treacherous, that he knew not which Way
to turn himself, nor on whom he could de-
pend. However, he drew out another Ar-
my of such Forces as he could make; many
of the Army being *Romans*, he made Offi-
cers over his new-raisd Troops; and, in
consideration of the good Success which
commonly attends the *Romans*, he was pleas'd
to commit these Troops to my Conduct.

Now it was that I had a great Debate
with myself, whether I should discover my
Mission to *Scipiana*, before I went, or no;
sometimes resolving on the Positive, in
consideration of her Goodness, supposing
she would now compassionate my Absence,
especially going on so dangerous an Enter-
prise, or rather desperate, by Means of the
false Hopes there were of the Fidelity of
the Troops; this I thought would extort
Pity, and moderate that Anger I might
justly fear from an Attempt so audacious.
I thought, that if it should be my Fate to fall
in this Service, one Tear shed on my Hearse,
from the Hearse of her Lover, would ren-

112 EXILIUS: Or,

der me happy in Eternity. But then again reflecting on her original Greatness, and my own Obscurity, I concluded, no Goodness could or ought to pardon such a Declaration, but that it would make my Memory her Aversion: Which Thought made me fix on the Negative, saying to my self

*Oh ! no, Exilius, thou must be content
With Friendship's Tears to deck thy Monument
For 'tis a Crime thy Passion to relate,
Exposing thee to her just Scorn and Hate.*

Withal concluding, that if the Gods should unexpectedly favour me with Victory, Love would then be a more reasonable offering to her divine Perfections. Wherefore, at my Departure, I only behav'd myself to her as a Friend and Brother, which Title she had honour'd me, as before mention'd.

When I took my Leave of the Princess Philometra, the King's Niece, I was a little surpriz'd at some sensible Expressions from her Highness. Pardon me (continued Exilius) if I am too bold in the Interpretation of her Words and Looks. I know it to be a Fault our Sex is extreamly accus'd of, that we misinterpret the Words and Looks of Ladies, and so flatter our selves into a vain Hope or Expectation of Favours not meant us; and when, in the Conclusion,

The Banish'd Roman. 113

and our selves balk'd, we as falsly accuse
them of Inconstancy, as before we censur'd
them of Kindness, for one is commonly
the Consequent of the other; and when we
build the airy Castle of fancy'd Favours,
it is but just we fall into the Abyss of their
displeasure. How far I may seem guilty
in your Opinions I know not; but the
princess, after divers Turns of Discourse,
all tending to a particular Concern for me,
at last presented to me a large Ruby, cut in
the form of a flaming Heart, and commanded
me to be careful of my Life for her Sake.
This Jewel was a little Present made her by
the Prince of *Lybia*, and perhaps was the
cause of that Discontent which made him
leave the *Egyptian* Court, as you shall know
hereafter.

I march'd the Army with all convenient
speed against the Rebels, who, flush'd with
success, were become dissolute and aban-
don'd to all manner of Crimes and loose
living; Murder, Rapin, and Oppression,
were frequently practis'd by them; and if
the suffering Inhabitants complain'd to the
Commanders, they found no Redress, the
soldiers being now as ready to rebel against
their Officers, as before against their King;
insomuch that Justice could not be execu-
ted, for fear of a Mutiny or total Revolt,
which is not strange; for where there is
only a precarious and not a legal Authority,

114 EXILIUS: Or,

Commands are ill exhibited, and would obey'd; for such a Kind of an usurp'd Power is, as it were, a Burlesque on Justice and a Banter on Government, which serves rather to increase than to correct Crime for, a wild Vine cannot bring forth good Grapes, but certain Berries, to poison and intoxicate. I need not enlarge on the Madness of a Multitude, it being too well known; but as a Mob rampant is a most formidable Monster, so nothing is more serviceable than that Beast when couched to which State, by the Assistance of the Gods, I reduc'd the *Egyptian* Mob, (for an Army of Rebels deserve no better Title) I defeated their Force, deliver'd the Captive Prince, retook all their fortify'd Towns and so utterly dispers'd the Rebels, that left no Marks of this Rebellion, but the executed Bodies of their Leaders, the chief of whom was the wicked *Piso*.

Thus I return'd to *Alexandria*, with much Happiness as Victory could help me to, and receiv'd such Honours and Acknowledgments from the King, and the Prince *Philometer*, as anticipated Expectation, and non-plus'd even Ambition; all which Royal Favours I valu'd in a double Regard, being most worthy and honourable in themselves, and supposing them fit Garlands to adorn the Offering of my Love, which I design'd to make to *Exilia* the first Opportunity

unity. But, oh good Heavens! how were my Hopes blasted, when I heard that the King design'd to espouse her. The Queen, by her own earnest Desire, and the Consent of the Council, was to be divorc'd; for she being the King's own Sister, and a devout Woman, was never thoroughly content with that incestuous Marriage; and 'tis suppos'd also, that the King's Conscience upbraided him, especially when he was under those Apprehensions which were cast upon him by the late Rebellion, Afflictions from the Hand of Heaven, often making us look into our selves, to find the original Cause, by which Means we detect and punish those Crimes and Follies which we had industriously conceal'd, or perhaps audaciously avow'd. And thus it was with this Royal Couple; the King and Queen of *Egypt*, touch'd in their Consciences, brought this Affair before the Great Council of the Nation, who declar'd the Marriage null, and his Majesty at Liberty to chuse where he pleas'd; who, after a little Deliberation (for Decency's Sake) declar'd *Exilia* to be the Object of his Choice; alledging, that her Brother had done him such Service in sustaining the falling Crown, that even such an Honour to the Sister, was not over-paying the Obligation. His Majesty alledg'd also, that he having many Princes and Nobles, whose

whose Daughters had equal Right both in Birth and Beauty, he could not prefer one without displeasing the other; so he hoped they would all unite in the Election he had made of this beautiful Stranger; and indeed, this Reason took with the greatest Part of the Nobility. In fine, it was in this as in most Things of the World, every one was pleas'd or displeas'd, as they were carry'd by Interest, Fancy, or Caprice; it was only I that was the miserable Wretch exalted into Ruin. Distracted and afflicted as I was, I went to *Exilia's* Apartment, where I found her just going to wait upon the Queen, who within a Day or two was to quit *Alexandria*, together with her Royal Dignity, and retire to a House prepar'd for her, far distant from the Town, and there to live as a Princess, the King's Sister. *Exilia* permitted me to wait on her to the Queen, where she cast herself at the Queen's Feet, and with all Earnestness, within the Bounds of Humility and Respect, begged her Majesty to believe the Protestation she came to make of her Innocence. The Gods are my Witnesses, (said she) I was so far from contributing to this Affair on Foot, that I never knew the least of the King's Intention, neither against your Majesty, nor towards me; if I had, I should have thought myself bound in Duty to have used my poor Endeavours to have prevented it.

its Progress e'er it came to this Pitch; for I am so thoroughly sensible of your Goodness towards me, that if my Life would restore you to the King's Favour, or secure your Royal Dignity, I would with Pleasure lay it down at your Feet this Moment. O! Madam, testify that you believe the Sincerity of my Words, by using your Endeavours with the King, that I may at least attend you to your Retreat; perhaps his Majesty in my Absence may change his Sentiments, and think on some great Princess, worthy to be Partner in his Royal Dignity. O leave me not here, a poor abandon'd Stranger, to be this Country's Aversion, and the World's Censure, in being declar'd the Object of the King's Affections! The King, I know, is too good and gracious to espouse me by Force, and my Consent I cannot give, in Prejudice of you, my Royal Mistress and Benefactrix. Then embracing the Queen's Knees, with a Shower of Tears, she repeated her Supplication.

The Queen very graciously embrac'd Exilia, commanded her to dry her Tears, and cease her Apprehensions; for (said her Majesty) I perfectly know your Innocence; and that you may have true Repose of Mind, be assur'd that all this is the Will of Heaven, as I shall now inform you: So commanding us both to sit down, she related as follows:

*The HISTORY of the Queen of
Egypt, related by EXILIUS.*

I WAS very young, said the Queen when I was marry'd to the King my Brother, of which our Laws allow, or at least connive at. Now, tho' my Brother's amiable Person, and tender Passion for me render'd these Espousals very agreeable, yet I had a secret and inward Reluctancy in Consideration of our Proximity; and tho' I lov'd him more than a Brother, yet wish'd he had not been so. I lov'd him as my Husband, honour'd him as my King, tender'd him as my Lover; yet the Remembrance of his being my Brother, imbitter'd all these. Whether this proceeded from that Veneration I had for the *Jewish* Law, or that it was the Law of Nature, I know not; but I durst not oppose the Marriage; least I should be suspected of *Judaism*, (to which the Royal Family are suppos'd to be too much inclin'd) for tho' the *Jews* marry in their own Families, yet never such near Relations as Brother and Sister. After being marry'd some Years, and had no Child, I was more troubled in my Thoughts, and my Doubts increas'd, fearing the State in which I liv'd with my Brother, was not pleasing to the Gods; wherefore, on a solemn

At this great Festival, I made my Devotions
in the Temple of *Isis*, begging this Goddess
of my Country to inspire me what to do, as
also lifting up my Heart to the God of the
Jews: The Night following I had a strange
Vision, for I thought I saw in my Sleep this
Goddess appear to me, saying these Words:

*Change thy Life: Thy Time improve:
Let not Marriage-Vows withhold thee:
To a Roman yield thy Love:
Fear not th'Event; the Gods have told thee.*

The Vision was so plain, and I remember'd
it so perfectly, that I could not but think
it more than a Dream, but knew not how
to believe it divine Inspiration, because it
seem'd to counsel a Crime; for one cannot
think Divinity and Immorality consistent.
However, I sent for the High-Priest of *Isis*,
in whom I thought I might confide, he
being my Nurse's Son, and, for her Sake,
by me preferr'd to that great Dignity.

Now you must know that my Nurse was
a natural Daughter to a Prince of the
Blood Royal of the *Ptolemys*. She had been
marry'd to one *Piso*, a Native of *Rome*; but
having liv'd in my Father's Service from
his Childhood, his Original was so forgot
by the *Egyptians*, that he was not look'd on
as a Stranger, nor malign'd as a *Roman*.
My Father having Occasion to send him to

Rome

Rome, on an Embassy, he took his Wife along with him, and had there his Son, the wicked *Piso*, Leader of the late Rebellion, who, tho' he was a *Roman* born, and the Son of a *Roman*, yet was never look'd on as such, being always in our Service: Unless, perhaps, his rebellious Inclinations wove himself a Veil, which hid his Original from the People's Notice. But to return: I secretly consulted the said High-Priest, who told me, that the Vision, without all Doubt, was literally to be interpreted, and that I ought to embrace a *Roman*, for the Good of my Country; that the Gods, who were just and good, prefer'd the greater to a lesser Advantage, a publick to a private Benefit; that we ought to follow their Example; and now, that the Welfare of *Egypt*, nay, perhaps, the very Being of its Laws and Constitutions, depended on this Action. I was bound to obey the Gods, who, in a Manner, had given me a positive Command. But I insisted, that I thought it impossible that the Gods could authorize a Crime of any Kind, much less one so black as this, and of such dangerous Consequences. To which he reply'd, that nothing was good or bad, criminal or innocent in itself, but as the Powers Divine had ordain'd; and when it pleas'd them to dispense with those their Ordinances, we their Creatures were bound to obey with all Submission. These

and

and many more Arguments of this Kind, he employ'd to evince his Assertion, which, I believe, is according to the Doctrine of that Religion, which is so far short of the Purity of that of the *Jews*, that there is no Place left for Comparison. The Consideration of which made me still more inclin'd to their Religion, of which (as aforesaid) I was already too much suspected.

After the High-Priest was return'd to *Memphis*, the Place of his proper Abode, his Mother (my Nurse) fail'd not to mind me of what he had said, (she having been present at this Discourse) always alledging the Will of the Gods, and the Good of *Egypt*; by which one sees how People are capable of being besotted, and fall into the worst of Ills, when once intoxicated with the Notion of some imaginary Good, especially their Country's Happiness, their Laws and Religion: When once their Understandings are bubbled with that Fancy, what is't they will not do? For, I perswade myself, this poor Woman meant, in some Degree, the Good of her Country, and the securing its Rights, Privileges, and Properties, Laws, and Religion, which made her so often mind me of the Will of the Gods. But I, who was innocent, and my Intentions truly vertuous, did not penetrate the whole Drift of her Insinuations, notwithstanding many gross Hints, 'till at last, with
humble

humble Apologies, and earnest Protestations of Duty to the Gods, and the Royal Interest, she let me know that *Piso*, her unfortunate Son *Piso*, dy'd for me; with Showers of Tears, begging my Pardon on her Knees, and with her Tears mixing her Supplications, not to neglect the Will of Heaven, minding me also of *Piso's* being a Roman, and, on her Side, of the Blood Royal of the *Ptolomys*. Thus People often disguise their own Crimes, Follies, and Passions, dressing them as it were in Masquerade, and make them pass on Mankind for the Will of the Gods, and by this Means engage the World in the most criminal Undertakings. But I was too well acquainted with the Doctrine of the *Jews*, to be thus put upon, otherwise, perhaps, my Vertue might have stagger'd at these their plausible and godly Arguments; to which add *Piso's* handsom Person and engaging Mien, together with the two most excellent Accomplishments of his Sex, Wisdom and Valour, which he possess'd most distinctly, one might truly say, he had the Head of *Ulysses*, and the Arms of *Achilles*; if he had also the Heart of an honest Man, and a faithful Subject, he had been a compleat finish'd Worthy. But to return to what I was saying of his Mother: I charg'd her never to speak to me more of that Subject, on Pain of my highest Displeasure, which
 she

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she durst not disobey. But whilst her Tongue was silent, *Piso's* Eyes, and all his Gestures, spake; they talk'd and supplicated on his Behalf; his Looks declar'd his Thoughts, and his Eyes spake what his Lips conceal'd; all which my Looks answer'd with Scorn and Reprimands. But I am now sensible that was not sufficient; I ought to have punish'd him, his Mother, and his Brother the High-Priest, and so have nipp'd in the Bud their audacious Enterprize; for where Persons of my Station slack the Reins of Justice, it is not strange that the Practices of the Wicked take Effect, and hurry us on to our Overthrow; for 'tis certain, Rewards and Punishments, duly exhibited, are the very Nerves of Government: But in these, the King, as well as myself, was to blame; for he heap'd Favours according to his Fancy, and I pardon'd Faults according to the Mildness of my Nature, not Judgment: And tho' these were Errors on the right Hand, yet still they were Errors which led us almost to our Ruin; for had I degraded and punish'd the High-Priest, for having misinterpreted the holy Oracles, I had broke the Cords of their fine-wove Intrigue, and stopp'd that Source of Mischief which has since flow'd with such Violence. The Truth is, I had sometimes Thoughts to let the King know the Affair;
but

but then again, I consider'd that would endanger *Piso's* Life, at least I knew it would be his total Ruin; for *Piso* already began to totter in the King's Favour; his Majesty having remark'd how ready he was to take Part with those that were suspected of Mutiny; and when any were charg'd with seditious Words or Libels, *Piso* was always the Advocate to justify or excuse them to the King; and so, on all Accounts, the King's Enemies were *Piso's* Friends, that his Majesty had great Reason to suspect him, according to the common Remark, *If one will know a Man, observe what Company he keeps.* But tho' the King had Reason to suspect, yet he had no just Cause to punish, not knowing his Crime towards me; and on the other Side, I was willing to forget, or not understand it; for since he lock'd up his Passion in Silence, I thought it was best to leave it so, without seeking the Key, or picking the Lock, by taking any Notice of it; moreover, I had a real Kindness for him, not only as a Person endow'd with many excellent Qualities, but as he was my Nurse's Son, and Play-fellow in my Childhood, for which Cause I had continually patroniz'd him, and rais'd him and his Brother to these Dignities; and on the same Consideration conceal'd this Folly, thinking it was only
the

the Effect of Youth, which would pass with those Precautions I had taken.

In the mean Time the Wretch used all sinister and indirect Means to make himself popular, and diminish the People's Affections towards the King. By his Industry, under-hand and unperceiv'd, he found Means to remove the King's Friends out of all Places and Offices of Trust, rais'd the People's Clamour against the *Jews* and the *Romans*, 'till they were all remov'd; for they being Strangers, without Patron or Dependance, but on the immediate Favour of his Majesty, were not likely to comply with *Piso's* Interest, or any other, in Opposition to the King's: Among these were two *Jewish* Eunuchs, who belong'd to my Apartment, whose Fidelity *Piso* knew; and that, I believe, was one Cause that they and all the *Jews* were banish'd the Court, under Pretence of their being dangerous Persons, and Enemies to the Royal Interest; whereas the Bottom of all was, *Piso* thought they were too just to be suborn'd to his Projects.

Piso having by his own Industry, and the King's Negligence, brought Things to this Pass, thought that now he need stick at nothing, and resolv'd to make his lewd Addresses to me: Wherefore he conspir'd with his Mother, that on a certain Night, when it should be her Turn to lodge in my Bed-chamber,

chamber, and the King in his own Apartment, that *Piso* should be hid in my Lodgings 'till all was quiet, and then to appear, having suborn'd my Eunuchs who waited in my Anti-chamber. But behold the Goodness of the Powers Divine !

There was an old *Jew*, of the Tribe of *Levi*, who liv'd always under the Protection of my Brother, the Prince *Philometer*, I suppose, not unknown to you, the good old *Shadrac* being known to every Body. This Man liv'd a most pious holy Life, up in a Turret in my Brother's Palace, where he rather dy'd daily than liv'd, his Life was so austere : This holy *Shadrac*, notwithstanding the strict Prohibition and Laws in Force against them all, came creeping to my Apartment, where I immediately receiv'd him into my Closet, as knowing he had something of Moment to say to me ; so, in his Kind of Dialect he said, O Queen, the Snares of the Wicked are laid for thee this Night, therefore sleep not from thy Husband ; for I am warn'd in a Dream because of thee ; having said these Words, he went strait away. The wicked *Piso* at this Time was hid in a little Corridor which join'd to my Closet, and hearing what this holy *Shadrac* said, knew he should be disappointed of his intended Treason that Night ; so, with a Nimbleness suitable to his Fury, went out the back Way

Way thro' the Corridor, and came round up the Great Stairs time enough to meet poor *Shadrac*, where he treated him with very opprobrious Words, for having broke the King's Orders, in coming to the Court, and, in particular, to the Queen's Apartment, after such strict Prohibition. The good *Shadrac*, tho' a very holy Person, yet not insensible, perhaps reply'd with a little Sharpness, that the King's Prohibition might with more Justice be apply'd to *Piso* than to *Shadrac*; for that he came by the Order of the God of his Fathers. These Words so transported the guilty *Piso*, that he beat and spurn'd the poor old Man with great Cruelty, bidding him, at every Blow, carry that to the *God of his Fathers*.

Now the King, as I told you before, wanted only a fair Occasion to be rid of *Piso*, so would not let slip this which offer'd; but for his Rashness in striking in the Court, took away all his Commissions, both as General and Captain of the Guard, and divested him of all Honour and Preferments, as well Civil as Military; for he possess'd many.

Piso being thus disgrac'd, went strait away to *Memphis*, to his Brother the High-Priest, to whom he related the Business in a very malicious Manner, saying, That the King had punish'd him for doing his Duty against a Criminal who broke his
Com-

Commands; that the whole Royal Family were so bigotted to the *Jewish* Superstition, those ancient Enemies and Slaves to *Egypt*, that in a little Time the King would change and subvert the Laws and Customs of his Country, both Sacred and Civil, and make them submit to foreign Constitutions, unknown to them or their Ancestors. Thus he gain'd the High-Priest, and in him all the subordinate Clergy, who with pious Care sow'd the Seeds of Rebellion in the Hearts of the People, which brought forth a very plentiful Harvest. At the same Time *Piso* had left his Agents in the Court and City of *Alexandria*, to ferment that Part of *Egypt*, whilst he himself went into the Country, to set on Foot an open Rebellion. You see (continu'd the Queen) how careful Kings ought to be to keep the Reins of Government in their own Hands, and not commit them to any *Phaeton*, to set the World in a Combustion; for thus it far'd with us: The King gave himself to Pleasure, and I myself to Devotion, both neglecting what the Gods had committed to our Care, and so were punish'd according to our Demerits. It is a common and true Saying, that Kings and Queens see and hear with the Eyes of others; and 'tis as true, that if they do not endeavour to see and hear with their own also, there will be but a blind Administration of Government;

vernment; for the depending on others, is giving away the Sceptre, and making the Crown precarious. This we experienc'd, tho' too late, in the Practice of *Piso* and his Adherents; for you know to what a State we were reduc'd by this Man's Treachery, when the ancient Monarchy of *Egypt* was ready to tumble into Anarchy, and the Royal Family of the *Ptolemys* into Oblivion, by which Means the People must have been miserably crush'd in the Overthrow of their Laws and Constitutions, and, poor Creatures, were led head-long by their pretended Patriots, who industriously infused Notions suitable to their own Ambition and Revenge; the Truth is, I believe *Piso's* Rebellion proceeded from the latter, he being doubly enrag'd, first, by the Disappointment of his lewd Intentions towards me; secondly, at his Disgrace from the Hands of the King. These were the Bases on which he built the Structure of his Rebellion, tho' he daub'd them over so, as to make the People believe it was their Laws and Religion he took in Hand to protect, of which he knew the People to be so jealous in their Nature, that they are ready to deify the worst of Men, that will but make themselves their Patriots, like the Sheep in the Fable, who chose the Wolf for their Guardian; tho' at the same Time that they make such a Bustle about
their

their Religion, no People on Earth practise so little. Things being come to such Extremity, that we despair'd of all Help, but immediately from the Hand of Heaven, made us address our selves more directly to the Divine Assistance; wherefore, I resolv'd to consult the holy *Shadrac*, who, I had great Reason to believe, was endow'd with Divine Inspiration: So, in the first Place, I ask'd him what he meant by those Words, *That the Snares of the Wicked were laid for me that Night*, &c. He told me, that *Piso's* Mother had intended to admit her Son into my Lodging that Night: Wherefore, I examin'd her in the Presence of *Shadrac*, promising to pardon her if she told me the Truth. She, poor old Woman, immediately confess'd the whole Matter, alledging for her Excuse, that it was the Effect of her mistaken Zeal, believing it to be the Will of the Gods, according to the Interpretation of her Son the High-Priest.

Now the holy *Shadrac* having, by his Spirit of Prophecy, frustrated this Conspiracy, I thought it reasonable to apply myself to his Interpretation of that Dream I had after my Sacrifice to the Goddess *Isis*. Wonder not, said the Queen, (interrupting herself) that we take such Notice of our Dreams, it has always been the Custom of our Country, especially those which happen to People of great Rank and Authority,

city, and chiefly on certain Days of Devotion. 'Tis true, some gay and youthful Heads lay all that aside, as fabulous and superstitious; but while they pretend to avoid Superstition, they fall into Prophaneness and Irreligion; for, in my Opinion, Dreams, with their Interpretations, very much evince the Existence of a Divinity, or immortal Being. Which Way it is, I know not, but I told my Dream to *Shadrac*, who gave me a quite different Interpretation from that of the High-Priest.

He told me, that the Words, *Change thy Life*, was to change it from a vertuous to a holy Life. By *Thy Time improve*, was meant, that I must improve my Time in the Service of the true God, and not to be withholden by Marriage-Vows, which were incestuous and displeasing to Heaven. To the Roman *yield thy Love*, signify'd that I must yield the King to a *Roman*, he being my Love, my Joy, and Satisfaction; all which should have a good Event, as being foretold by the Powers Divine. This Interpretation seem'd so just, reasonable, and consonant to Vertue, that I told the whole Affair to the King; and at the same Time engag'd him, together with my self, to make a Promise to the Gods, (that if we had Success in the Troops we committed to *Exilius*) to obey this Revelation, and that
his

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his Majesty should take what fair Roman he lik'd best, whilst I retir'd to improve my Time in a holy Way of Living; where I am resolv'd to examine thoroughly the Doctrine of the *Jews*, and, if possible, find out whether or no those Wonders were true, which they pretend were done in this our Country by their Great Legislator. And now you see, *Exilia*, (continu'd the Queen) that this my Retirement is the Will of Heaven and my own seeking; therefore, make no Scruple to accept of those Honours offer'd thee by his Majesty.

Exilia, with profound Respect, return'd her Majesty infinite Thanks, saying, That she knew herself bound in Duty to obey her Majesty in all Things; but (said she) the Consideration of your Majesty's Honour, and the Interest of the Royal Family, (which every Body ought to prefer to their own) makes my Affections revolt against my Duty, in opposing your Majesty's Sentiments. Madam, since the Gods did not point me out in particular, I hope your Majesty will not be pleas'd, if I put you in mind, that there are several *Romans* in *Egypt*, whose Birth as well as Beauty, in some Degree, qualifies them for such Espousals. In particular, the bright *Fabiel*, who, being born at *Rome*, is in the strictness a *Roman*, and her Mother the Daughter of *Fabius*, an ancient *Roman* Family.

family. 'Tis true, reply'd the Queen, *Fabiell*
 is of a noble Descent; I know the *Fabii* at
 Rome are truly great and honourable, and
 her Father one of the Grandees of *Egypt*,
 descended from the Royal Race of the
Ptolomies: Her Person no less bright than
 her illustrious Birth, and her Vertue per-
 fect; for when she perceiv'd the King to
 cast some amorous Looks on her, she begg'd
 her Mother to remove her from Court, far
 distant, to their Castle in the Country;
 since which his Majesty has transferr'd his
 tender Thoughts on you, with which I
 am perfectly well satisfy'd; therefore do
 not resist your own Happiness. So, embrac-
 ing *Exilia* most tenderly, wish'd her much
 felicity in that Royal Dignity prepar'd for
 her by the Powers above. The Queen, ri-
 sing up, oblig'd *Exilia* to take her Leave,
 which she did, with her Eyes swell'd with
 Tears, and her Heart over-charg'd with
 Grief, for being separated from the Queen,
 whom she lov'd most unfeignedly.

Exilia being return'd to her Apartment,
 took me with her into her Closet, where,
 commanding me to seat my self by her,
 she endeavour'd to dry her Tears, and then
 desir'd my Counsel; for (said she) these
 transactions at Court to me are very disa-
 greeable; I hoped to have been rescu'd by
 the Queen's Interest or Authority; but you
 see her Majesty has been the chief Instru-

ment of this my glorious Undoing. I can
 it so, because it is so far distant from my
 Inclinations; for, both by Nature and Education, I love Solitude and Retirement.
 The Muses and the Rural Deities were ever
 the Objects of my Devotion, and a Country
 Life my temporal Satisfaction. A Castle
 of my own, situated in a serene Air and
 a benign Soil, faithful Servants, and kind
 Neighbours, being the utmost Bounds of my
 Ambition; which makes it evident, that the
 Gods have not cast my Soul in a Mould
 for this Royal Dignity which courts me
 for I look on Persons of that Rank but
 Slaves to the Publick, chain'd to the Oar
 Ceremony, to tug through Storms of Ce-
 sure and Clamour. They are watch'd
 the Eyes of Envy, and over-heard by the
 Ears of Malice. Behind their Backs they
 are scourg'd by the Tongues of Spite, and
 to their Faces flatter'd till they know not
 themselves, much less others. They are
 courted by Multitudes, and lov'd by few
 their Defects expos'd, and their Vertues con-
 ceal'd or traduc'd; their Rest is broke with
 Cares, and their Food imbitter'd with
 thousand Apprehensions; for their Table
 is surrounded with Sycophants, and their
 Bed with Traitors. Spies enter their Cham-
 bers, and Hypocrites wait on their De-
 votions. Being thus surrounded, where could
 they find the least Peep-hole to spy on

Happiness; for what is all their Pomp and
Parade, but glittering Ornaments, to deck
them as Sacrifices to the Service of the State.
These Considerations, and a thousand more
such, makes this Station appear to me but
a shining Pageant, which draws the Eyes
of Spectators, but loads the Shoulders of
those that bear it; therefore my weak Me-
rit is very unfit to support such a Weight.
I hope I am in the right, in being desi-
rous to leave it, to those to whom the Gods
have given a Soul tun'd and set to such a
Key, as can either find or make Musick in
this Kind of Noise, which to me is so in-
harmonious and discordant; amongst whom
I know none more truly qualify'd than my
Cousin *Fabiell*. Her great Soul makes her
willing to be in a Station of Grandeur, where
she may be supplicated and sought after,
and thinks it God-like to be able to make
and unmake, to set up and cast down, and
with her Word or Look to alarm or appease
Mankind. Besides, I know she has a secret
inclination for the King; but withal she is
truly vertuous, that she no sooner per-
ceiv'd the King's Passion for her, but she
persuad'd her Mother to leave the Court; as
not daring to trust her Honour between two
such Assailants, as the King's Courtship
and her own Inclinations. I wish our Sex
could use these Precautions frequently, and
not trust their selves with themselves, there

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would not be so many Shipwrecks of Honour. Now *Fabiell* having made me the Confident of these her Thoughts, I should do most unjustly and ungenerously to supplant her in her Absence, especially knowing her to be my Relation by Marriage for she is Niece to the same Noble *Fabius* who marry'd my Aunt; and as I should do unworthily by her, so I should act unduly towards my Father, he having promised me to my Cousin the young and virtuous *Fabius*, Son to the said Noble *Romanus*. Now, tho' *Fabiell* made me her Confident I did not do the same by her, nor let her know I was her Kinswoman; which in the End would make this Transaction appear to her the more unworthy, as if it were Treason long contriv'd.

Now, *Exilius*, consider my Duty to my Father, my Friendship to *Fabiell*, my own innate Aversion to Grandeur, and then, as a Friend, give me your Counsel. Madam (reply'd I) had your Ladyship added no Consideration more, I could easily have given my Counsel; had you added, that the poor *Exilius* dies for you; that he has adored you since the first Moment he beheld your Beauties; *Exilius*, the unfortunate *Exilius*, that has most respectfully conceal'd his Flame, lest it should offend you; had you said, the Consideration of his Sufferings were some Concern to you, then, Madam

He could readily counsel you; I could say, Love *Exilius*, or, at least, do not hate *Exilius*, the unfortunate Slave, whose Life and Happiness depend on your Looks. Then casting my self at her Feet, begg'd her at least to pardon this Declaration of my Love, which I should still have conceal'd, if her Commands had not in a manner extorted it from me. To all which she answer'd with a confus'd Voice, Your Words, *Exilius*, surprize and confound me, and are an Addition to my Sorrows; therefore, seeing you can neither counsel nor assist me, pray leave me; leave, leave this most unhappy and confus'd of all Creatures: At which Words, with Tears in my Eyes, I took the Liberty to kiss her Hand, and, in obedience to her Command, departed.

I pass'd this Night in divers Thoughts and Agitations of Mind, having a secret Satisfaction that she had receiv'd the Declaration of my Love so calmly; that Thought more than counterpois'd all that I had to fear from my potent Rival. Thus we suffer our selves to be blown and toss'd by our passions, without casting Anchor on the coast of sound Judgment, or steering to the Harbour of right Reason; for when I made serious Reflection on this Passage, I found now I had overshot my self, in thus declaring my Passion to her, fearing that her Vice Vertue would not let her consent to

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steal away with me into *Italy*, after this Adventure; yet that was the only Card I had to play in this Juncture, and the Method we had partly resolv'd on some Time before. These, and a thousand Things of this Kind, agitated my Thoughts that Night.

Next Morning I went to her Apartment where I had free Access as a Friend and Brother. I found her in the same Closet where I had left her the Night before; and falling on my Knees, begg'd her to accept those Adorations I came to pay her, as my Divinity, from whom I expected Protection the succeeding Day, and all the Days of my Life. Do not persecute me, said she with your profane Complements, nor attribute any Divinity to me, a miserable Mortal, the most unhappy of my Sex. Rise, *Exilius*, (contin'd she, with Tears in her Eyes) and reserve your Adorations for the Princess *Philometra*. The Princess *Philometra's* Beauty (reply'd I) is of Power sufficient to command all who have not seen *Exilia*; but in him who has not only seen but sacrific'd his Heart to you, it would be a Sacrilege unpardonable; therefore, Madam, you must permit me to adore, sigh and languish at your Feet; the rest of my Days, whether few or many, happy or miserable, belongs only to you to determine. Many Things more of this Kind she permitted me to utter, making very little Answer

is Oat Sighs and Tears, which gave me Oc-
ha asion to hope that I was not altogether in-
tho different to her; insomuch that I let slip no
e be Opportunity of asserting my Passion, which
f th was not hard to be found; for, after the
nt. Queen's Departure, the King kept himself
nem etir'd, partly out of Affection to the Queen,
l an whom he truly lov'd, and partly Decency.
close Now it was that the King of *Lybia* de-
and ar'd War against the King of *Egypt*, pre-
cce pending, because the King of *Egypt* did not
s m sist him with Forces against his powerful
ctio enemy, the Queen of *Numidia*; whereas,
ys a Reality, he cou'd not, by Reason of the
she rebellion which employ'd him at that
r a time; and therefore this cou'd be only a
rabl retence. But the true Cause was suppos'd
Rif to be some Distaste the Prince of *Lybia* had
ars i ken in the *Egyptian* Court; for he came
ns fo here to prosecute the Marriage propos'd
Phil between him and the Princess *Philometra*,
er su oping by that Means to be one Day King
t see of that rich and fertile Country, she being
see the presumptive Heiress of that Crown.
ld b ut whether the Divorce of the Queen, or
, M hether he perceiv'd any kind Sentiments
fig the Princess towards me, or what Reason
of m se mov'd him, we could not tell; but he
or m ad left the *Egyptian* Court both secretly
rmin ad suddenly, as before-mention'd. And
erm w the War being ended between *Lybia*
nsw ad *Numidia*, tho' much to the Disadvan-

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tage of the *Lybians*, nevertheless, the King of *Lybia* muster'd his shatter'd Forces, rais'd new ones, and came against *Egypt*, hoping (no Doubt) for a Party amongst the discontented *Egyptians*.

These, and some other Affairs, held the King late in Council, where his Majesty was pleas'd to declare me General of the Army a second Time, with unanimous Approbation of the Council; moreover, he let me know secretly, that if I conquer'd *Lybia*, he wou'd give me the Princess *Philometra* in Recompence. For which I was oblig'd to thank him with profound Respect, tho' I never intended to accept the Favour, but knew my Ruin depended on the Refusal.

Behold in this the different Changes of Human Life, yet all conspire to the same Event, to wit, my Undoing; for it was t'other Day I thought Poverty and low Rank the only Obstacles to my Happiness, and now, quite contrary, *Midas* like, I was ready to perish in the Midst of Riches and royal Favours; for *Exilia* being the Object and End of my Desires, it was the same Thing to me whether my Way to her was obstructed by a Dunghil or a Dignity, perhaps the latter more difficult to be remov'd or surmounted than the other. On which Caprice of Fortune, if one duly reflect, Reason wou'd oblige us to wish for

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nothing but the Will of the Gods to be accomplish'd. But to return:

The Council being broke up, I hasted into the City, where I was invited, with *Exilia*, to the rich Merchant, our former Master; but the Council sitting late, (as I told you) *Exilia* went without me, and as she came back, her Chariot was surrounded by the City Mob, saying, they would pull that *Roman Coquet* in Pieces, who was the Cause of all their Discontents, the Divorce of the Queen, and the War that threaten'd them from *Lybia*. In this State was this innocent Lady when I arriv'd to her Rescue, which I perform'd by killing the foremost of that headless Rabble, my Servants courageously assisting me till they were all dispers'd; for a Mob is but like a great Number of wild Asses, who bray and make a hideous Noise, but able to act nothing in their own Defence. After this, I mounted the Chariot with *Exilia*, whose Acknowledgments transcended the Merit of the Service. I excus'd my self for not having accompany'd her thither, telling her the Reasons, and what had pass'd in the Council that Evening, and how the King had promis'd me the Princess *Philometra*, which (said I) is an Honour I cannot accept, being already devoted to the Divine *Exilia*. Refuse not then, Madam, this your faithful Adorer, though unworthy the

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Honour to which he pretends. That Person cannot be thought below the highest of Honours, (reply'd *Exilia*) on whom the King of *Egypt* thinks fit to bestow his Niece, the presumptive Heiress of his Crown: But in particular I am oblig'd to think him most worthy, to whom I am twice indebted for my Life; who, for my Sake, overlooks all Glory, and the greatest Advancement with which Fortune can gratify her most ambitious Favourites. And since you have made me more than Competitor with Grandeur itself, it were an unpardonable Injustice to suspend your Hopes. Then giving me her Hand, she said, Take your *Exilia*, for to you I belong by Right of Redemption, and yours I will be forever, if my Father and the Senate refuse not their Consent. How much I was transported at this Promise none can imagine that has not lov'd like me. I was all Ecstasy and Rapture, the Joys I then felt cannot neither be express'd nor imagin'd. Thus ravish'd out of myself into a Heaven of Happiness, I pass'd the rest of the silent Night in a continual Meditation, and thinking on that dear Moment in which she had given me her Hand, that Pledge of unspeakable Happiness.

Next Morning the King sent for me, to applaud my good Fortune in the Rescue of *Exilia*, ordering her a Guard for the Security

city of her Person, and gave me a Present
of very rich Jewels to carry to her, com-
manding me to intercede for him, and
make her dry those Tears which his Ma-
jesty heard she daily shed for the Queen's
Absence; as also to endeavour to soften
that *Roman* Haughtiness which presided in
her Heart, and make it flexible to his
amorous Proposals. This was an Embassy
more difficult, than if his Majesty had sent
me to the *Roman* Senate, to perswade them
to crown him King in the Capitol; well
knowing, that I must either betray my
Trust or my own Happiness, or rather my
Life; for my Love and Life were now in-
separable. However, I deliver'd the Pre-
sent, and perswaded her to receive it, which
otherwise she would not have done; but I
told her, it would be Wisdom to keep calm
the King's Thoughts, 'till such Time as we
could steal away; which we had resolv'd
on the first Opportunity, tho' we foresaw
great Difficulty in the Enterprize, by means
of the Guard given to *Exilia*. Neverthe-
less, she always told me she reserv'd her
Duty to her Father, that if he gave not
his Consent at our Arrival, I must pretend
no farther.

Now this our Love, tho' unsuspected by
all the World, (whom Unconcern kept in
a constant Slumber) yet was not long un-
discover'd by the piercing Eyes of a vigi-
lant

lant Rival: For those cold Returns the Princess *Philometra* found to all her little Advances, made her penetrate the Cause, the Cloak of Respect to her Royal Person being of too thin a Texture to cover this my Indifferency. These her Thoughts, either out of Duty or Malice, she discover'd to the King, telling him withal, if he would go privately to such a Place in the Garden, (where she knew we were) there perhaps he might unravel the fine-wove Intrigue, and make himself Master of the whole Secret.

Now, the better to make you understand the Place where we were accidentally retir'd, give me Leave a little to digress into the Description of this Garden, which is certainly the finest in the Universe, and no less sumptuous also is the Palace, which would be too tedious to describe.

One descends by eight or ten Steps into the Garden, which is very large; at each Corner whereof stands a stately Pyramid, marvellous to behold, and on their Bases is carv'd the chief and most remarkable Glories of *Egypt*. At each Side of the Garden is a long cover'd Walk or Arbor, which reaches from Pyramid to Pyramid; these Walks are cover'd over with a certain Plant, whose Leaves are red, and shining like Sattin. On each Side of these cover'd Alleys are open Walks of Orange, Lemon

and

and Palm-Trees, and fine Seats and Statues plac'd at proper Distances, serving both for Use and Ornament. Thus are the outside Walks compos'd: Next these are six distinct Separations, three on a Side, fenc'd in with gilt Balasters of fine wrought Iron. The first is a Garden of all Kinds of Flowers that can gratify the Sight or Smell, the most Part of which are planted in Pots, that they may be remov'd, and others put in their Places, according to their respective Seasons; which Pots are all of such fine Earth or Stone, that they are an Embellishment to the Flowers they contain. In the Midst of this little Garden is the Statue of the Goddess *Flora*, seeming to give her Benediction, having a large Nofegay in her Hand, from whence spouts forth small Streams of Water, as if she meant therewith to bedew the whole Garden. At the four Corners stand the four Seasons of the Year, with their respective Emblems; and here and there young Nymphs seeming to make Nofegays, and Chaplets of Flowers, all of fine white Marble. Opposite to this, on the other Side of the Garden, is a Collection of Medicinal Plants, in every Thing conformable to the other, the same Number of Pots, and placed in the same Order and Method. In the Middle is the Figure of the God *Apollo*, with a Table before him, seeming
to

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to teach the Use of those Herbs to the World; and at a Distance before him is *Daphne*, half metamorphos'd, and on the Table writ these Words,

*Unhappy God, which can no Simple find
To cure the Fever of his Love-sick Mind.*

At the four Corners stand four Figures of the most famous Teachers of the Medicinal Art; 1st, *Æsculapius*; 2dly, *Chiron*; 3dly, *Hygea*; and, 4thly, *Hecate*. The three first being the Figures of those who taught the good and sanative Use of Plants; the last taught their poisonous, baneful, and diabolick Qualities.

The third of these Enclosures is a Grove of Myrtles, Roses, and Eglantines. In the Midst is *Venus*, crowning her *Adonis* with Flowers; at one Corner she is playing with *Cupid*, in another, drawn in her Chariot with Doves, and divers other Representations of her Power and Folly.

Opposite to this, in the same Form and Figure, is another Grove of Aromatick Spices, and sweet smelling Gums. In the Midst is a *Cupid*, as if laughing at his Victories; for in divers Parts of this Grove are placed the Figures of his most renowned Conquests, amongst which none is more ridiculous than *Hercules* spinning.

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The fifth is a Maze of Water-Works, which runs in such wondrous Turnings, by Channels of fine Marble, so intricate, that unless you know the Manner to direct your Steps, it is impossible to get in or out. In the Midst is a Fountain of *Diana*, where she, with her Nymphs about her, seem to bathe themselves Breast high; and at divers Turnings, at proper Distances, were placed Water-Nymphs, and River Gods, of very fine Sculpture.

Opposite to this is a Wood-Maze, of a short, green, bushy Plant, something like Rosemary. In the Midst is the God *Pan*, seeming to play on his Pipe, and a Ring of Shepherds and Shepherdesses in a dancing Posture round him. At divers Turnings are Satyrs, Wood-Nymphs, and the like, all of most exquisite Workmanship.

These two Mazes are compos'd of the two Royal Cyphers, which contain the two Royal Names of *Egypt*, one *Pharaoh*, and the other *Ptolemy*. These are the six Enclosures, three on one Side, and three on the other, of this great Garden.

In the Midst is a Wood, or Grove, which represents *Troy Town*. The Hedges which encompass this Grove are so high, even, and thick, that they may truly be call'd what they represent, *to wit*, the Walls of *Troy*; and not only so, but they have Towers, Ballasters, and Battlements on them,

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them, cut out of the Green, admirable to behold. Round these Hedges, or green Walls, are divers Statues of the most renown'd *Greks* and *Trojans*; one of white Marble, the other of polish'd Brass; here an *Achilles*, there an *Hector*; here an *Ajax*, there an *Aeneas*; so that one sees the History of that renown'd Siege in Sculpture and cast Statues.

Within these green Walls are Walks representing Streets, and little Arbors instead of Houses; and here and there, in proper Uniformity, are larger and higher Arbours, representing the Palaces of the *Trojan* Princes. In the Midst is King *Priam's* Palace, more large, and better adorn'd than all the rest.

It was in one of these Arbours of *Troy* Town that *Exilia* and I happen'd to meet, our disconsolate Circumstances having, it seems, the like Effect on us both, which conducted us into this Solitude. Now it was, that the Forces were ready to march against *Lybia*, which made me tell her I was driven to the last Exigence, not finding it possible to go without her, or stay with her; therefore begg'd her to instruct me how to extricate myself and her out of these Difficulties in which we were involv'd. Go, (said she) conquer *Lybia*, receive your just Reward, the Princess *Philometra*, the Heiress of the *Egyptian* Crown, and,

and, in her Right, become in Time a happy King. That I cannot be (reply'd I) unless *Exilia* be my Queen. I will go conquer *Lybia*, and set the Crown upon *Exilia's* Head; but that, alas, is too little for her Merit; I will——At these Words the King, entering the Arbour, said, Yes, it is too little for *Exilia's* Merits, but too great for a Traytor; and so calling a Guard, I was immediately hurry'd away to Prison, where I remain'd many Days, as absolutely ignorant of what pass'd in Court or Camp, as poor Mortals are of what is transacted amongst the Celestial Inhabitants.

Here it was I had sufficient Occasion to exercise my passive Courage, and become a miserable Pattern of Patience. Here it was I stood in need of more Philosophy than I really possess'd, wherewith to bubble my Fancy, and cheat my Understanding, with that wild Notion, that a virtuous Man can never be unhappy, because he bears his Happiness in himself. I endeavour'd to apply that Stoical Receipt, but found it very fallible. I frequently ask'd myself why I could not be as happy in that Restraint, as formerly in the voluntary Prison with my Father; but the Answer was obvious, That ones own Will and Choice renders a Dungeon a Palace; and, on the contrary, a Heaven would be no longer so without *Exilia*. Thus I pass'd my tedious
Hours,

150 EXILIUS: Or,

Hours, 'till one Day the Captain of the Guard, who succeeded me, being a *Roman*, came to visit me, and made me divers Complements and Assurances of his Desire to serve me, adding, that it was a great Affliction to him to see me ruin my Fortune, and perhaps lose my Life for one who deserves it not. Ah me! (reply'd I) she deserves more than I can make manifest: One may as well say the heavenly Bodies shine not, or Fire warms not, or any Thing in Nature has not its proper Qualities, as to say she deserves not. Ah! *Exilia*, I know her vertuous Inclinations for me; I remember the Promise she made me; I am sensible of what she suffers for me; but no Sufferings, nor Death itself, is capable to alienate her Affections from one single Moment, though never so long absent; for our Love is all Soul, and needs not the Supplement of Conversation to keep it alive; its Being is pure and immortal, as those Gods that infus'd it into our Hearts, and shall survive all Opposition. Alas! reply'd the Captain, I am sorry to find your Wisdom so impos'd upon; but when once Passion blinds us, Passion misguides us, Passion overthrows us, Passion destroys us, and no Passion so strong and so deceitful as that of Love; Love rocks our Reason into a Lethargy, and then does what it pleases with the rest of our Interior; it fools the wise Man, and infeebls the strong;

strong; it makes the Philosopher become a Fop, and the Divine a Madman; the soft Courtier becomes fierce, and the Warrior effeminate; it makes the Poor cease to earn their Bread, and the rich Usurer squander his hard gotten Wealth; it makes the best Friends become mortal Enemies, and one's Benefactor become one's Adversary. All these, and thousands of other Ills attend this unfortunate Passion; and after all, be recompens'd with Scorn or Falshood: The Truth of which, your Experience, or this Letter, may evince; withal giving me a Letter from *Exilia*, containing these Words:

EXILIUS,

I Hope you have made so true a Use of your Misfortunes, as to consider your own Safety and my Advantage; and consequently resolve to act in Regard of both, as becomes a rational Creature, and one that professes the Fear of the Gods; for the unkind Treatment which our Love has found from the Hand of Heaven, is a Demonstration that it is not agreeable to their Wills, to which we ought to submit with an entire Resignation. Wherefore, I beg you to believe that my accepting the Royal Dignity, so generously and earnestly offer'd, is an Act of Obedience to the Gods, and of Friendship to you, in putting myself in a Condition to restore you to the King's Favour as firmly as ever; then testify your Prudence and Piety, in a ready Compliance

152 EXILIUS: Or,

Compliance with your own Interest, and the Will of Heaven, as also with the Desire of your Friend,

Exilia.

It's impossible to exprefs, said *Exilius*, what Agitation of Mind the Sight of this Letter gave me; I knew the Character too well to doubt it to be her Writing; I knew the Stile too perfectly to think it not of her own composing; the two Topicks on which the Letter was founded (Reason and the Will of Heaven) too clearly represented the Image of her Mind to leave any Room for Doubt. Moreover, Reason told me she was in the Right; Friendship, or, indeed, Humanity itself, bid me comply with her Demand, it being so much her Advantage. Duty and Gratitude requir'd a ready Submission to the King, who was not only my Master and Benefactor, but graciously left it to me to make a Merit of Necessity; for such it was, his Majesty having us both in his Power. These Thoughts, like soft Musick, seem'd to hush my Griefs for a Moment; but then again, Love and *Exilia's* Promise, like violent Thunder, awak'd all my Sorrows, and made me feel a thousand Torments, that I accus'd the fair perjur'd Sorceress in all the violent Words that Rage could dictate. A thousand Maledictions I vented against the Sex; I curs'd my self,

self, and the Hour of my Birth, the Gods,
and my own hard Fortune; threw myself
on the Floor, tore my Hair and Cloaths,
suffer'd an Extremity of Pain in Body as
well as Mind, endeavour'd to tear out my
Eyes, the Inlets of these my Misfortunes;
but that the Captain restrain'd me, and
us'd what Arguments he could for my Pa-
cification.

After these violent Efforts of Passion
were a little moderated, other Considera-
tions began to flatter my Understanding,
and I fancy'd this Letter might be forged,
and her Character counterfeited; for, said
I, a Vertue like hers can never be viciated
to that Degree, as voluntarily to require
the Breach of faithful Vows, nor her Rea-
son and Religion impos'd upon so far as to
believe the Gods to be Authors or Abettors
of Crimes, as her Letter seems to intimate:
No, no, *Exilia* is all Vertue and Wisdom,
not capable of being abus'd by false No-
tions, or wrong Ideas; her noble Soul is so
well fortify'd with Constancy, that it is
able to resist the most violent Attacks of
different Fortune; the Menaces of Adver-
sity can no more affright her, than the Al-
lurements of Honour or Interest entice her;
the Crown of *Egypt*, or the World's Empire
are not able to move her Constancy, no not
in the least Thought. Then, foolish *Exi-
lius*, torment not thyself with Fears or
Fancies,

Fancies; her Vertue, like thy good Genius, will secure thy Happinefs.

At all which the Captain smil'd, saying, If a Man will murder himself, no Physician can make him live; otherwise, said he, I believe I could make you an Eye-Witness that she is not only obliging but fond of the King, if (continu'd he) you could so far govern your self as not to be discover'd; adding, that if my Passion should transport me, he were for ever ruin'd. I gave him my Faith and Honour to suffer any thing, even the infernal Pains, rather than do the least Action that might be to his Prejudice, and so begg'd him to accomplish this his Proposal.

Next Day he treated with one of *Exilia's* Women, to whom he had pretended Love, and by Means of a Present he made her, obtain'd his Desire in Regard of me, and so came and fetch'd me secretly out of Prison, and conducted me to that Closet where I had first reveal'd my Passion to *Exilia*.

Here, thro' a Cleft of the Wall under the Hangings, I saw into the next Room, where the King and *Exilia* were sitting. She receiv'd his Courtship with all the Satisfaction of a false and perjurd Creature. During which, one of the Captains of the Guard came in, telling the King that he was come, according to his Majesty's Commands, to receive his Orders about *Exilius*;

at

at which the King turning towards *Exilia*, told her, it was at her Disposal whether *Exilius* should live or die. Then let him die, (said she) rather than live to upbraid me with Falshood and Inconstancy. Since it is your Will (said the King) it shall be so: Then turning towards the Captain, gave Orders for my Death, as I suppose, tho' he spake in so low a Voice, that I did not hear his Words at that Distance. Then he ask'd *Exilia* what Time she thought fit to prescribe for my Execution, (as I gather'd by her Answer) who said, 'This very Night. Give me your Hand (said the King) and you shall have your Desire. Now be pleas'd to know, that in that Country this is a Thing never to be done by any Woman, but on the Account of Marriage, or worse; for no Pretence of Friendship or Gratitude, (which sometimes makes it a reasonable Action among us) can render it excusable amongst them. However, she so far forgot all Modesty, and her given Faith, that she refus'd not this obligatory Favour to his Majesty, and that on so barbarous an Engagement, as the Promise of my Death that very Night; as if my Life embitter'd every Moment of hers, and my Death was the only Step to her Felicity.

Tho' this Transaction put me out of all Patience, yet I forgot not my Promise to my Friend the Captain; but so far bridled my

156 EXILIUS: Or,

my Passion, as not to make any extravagant Excursion to his Disadvantage, and in Silence return'd with him to my Prison where I expected Death with a real Satisfaction ; for I look'd on every Moment of my Life now but as an additional Link to that unhappy Chain of Misfortunes which attended mine innocent and virtuous Actions.

Thus I pass'd the Night in Expectation of mine Executioner, every Moment thanking the Gods for the Favour ; but nothing was acted 'till Morning, and then the Sentence was chang'd from a present Death, as I expected, to a greater Punishment ; for I was hurry'd out of Prison to a Sea-port and there put into an old Carcass of a Vessel, without Sails, Oars, or anything where with to conduct myself. In this helpless Condition I arriv'd on that Coast of *Africa* which is border'd by the great *Numidian* Forest. Here, being driven into a Creek, I quitted this desperate Instrument of my Escape, to seek a Being the most desolate and miserable in the World, in that Cave where this young Gentleman (addressing himself to *Ismenus*) found me. Then think it not strange, that in my Rage and Despair, when my Thoughts entertain'd no other Object but *Scipiana*, that my Words and Actions corresponded, making me rave and adore the first female Figure that my

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Eyes encountred; which was the Cause
that I fell at the Feet of *Ismenus*, when he
was array'd in Woman's Habit, thinking
him my *Scipiana*, my Goddess, or good
Genius, till he undecerv'd me, as you have
already been inform'd.

The distressed Condition of *Ismenus* and
Clarintbia, oblig'd me to quit this my Den
of Horror and Despair, and out of a Prin-
ciple of Humanity endeavourd to assist my
Fellow-Creatures, whose Danger and Di-
stress commanded that Compassion for them
I could not have for my hated self, and as
they have already inform'd you, accom-
plish'd their Escape. And now I mean to
go seek my Father in his rocky Island, and
there pass the rest of my woful Days, 'till
Death put a Period to my Sorrows.

Exilius having thus finish'd his Story, the
Company gave him Thanks, much admiring
his Vertue and Constancy in those extra-
ordinary Vicissitudes of Fortune.

BOOK V.

THE Reader may please to remember
in the third Book, that the two La-
dies, *Scipiana* and *Clelia*, were interrupted
in their Discourse by the Arrival of a cer-
tain Youth, Servant to *Fabius*; from whom
he brought Letters to my Lord *Publius Scipio*.

PART. I.

H

Now

158 EXILIUS: Or,

Now these Letters were to inform *Publius* that his Nephew *Fabius*, as also *Jemella*, the fair Daughter of *Lucullus*, were detain'd Prisoners by *Clodius*, in his Castle at *Sardinia*; from thence the same Messenger was to have gone to *Rome*, to advertize the two Noble Lords, *Lucullus* and *Fabius*, Fathers of the two Prisoners. But the poor Youth *Almon*, falling sick, *Publius* was oblig'd to send an Express to *Rome*, to inform the said Lords, that they might take their Measure with the Senate for their Enlargement whilst the poor Youth was constrain'd to attend his Recovery.

Night approaching, and the two Ladies *Scipiana* and *Clelia*, being retir'd into their Apartment, *Clelia* begg'd *Scipiana* to finish her Story, and let her know what became of *Exilius* after put in Prison, and by what Means she had made her Escape out of *Egypt*; of which two material Circumstances she was still ignorant, they having been divers Times interrupted in the Sequel of their Discourse.

The Continuation of the HISTORY
of *SCIPIANA*.

E*Xilius* being put in Prison (said *Scipiana*) as I have already told you, I confessed not to implore the King continually on his behalf; but his Majesty was deaf

all my Petitions. He told me, if *Exilius* had conspir'd against his Crown or Life, the least Word from me should procure his Pardon; but being the Rival of his Love, it was not in the Power of Mercy to forgive. One Day in particular being at the King's Feet, with Tears in my Eyes, and earnest Importunities, I besought him to pity the poor *Exilius*, whose Youth and Constancy was all his Crime. Alas! my Royal Lord, (said I) blame not him for loving one who is his Equal, and one whom Fortune has render'd Copartner in all his Sufferings, it is a Weakness incident to all human Beings; then pity this poor Miserable, for her sake who now kneels before you; without him neither can nor ought to live; our Hearts have been inseparably united since the Moment of our first Interview. At which the King assay'd to go away, but I caught hold of his Robe, beseeching him to hear me out. I will hear you in all Things, said the King; but when you ask the Life of *Exilius*; for that I neither can nor will grant, it being incompatible with my Affection.

At these Words, I was like one Thunder-struck, and sunk down quite bereav'd of Sense. When I came to my self I found the King still with me, and, kissing my Hands, said, He was sorry to see me so passionate for one who deserv'd it not. I am sure (continued he) *Exilius* would make no

160 EXILIUS: Or,

Difficulty to desert you, if thereby he might purchase his Life or Liberty. Be advis'd, then, and consider wherein your Happiness consists. Weigh the Difference between a Monarch who offers you his Crown, together with his Love, and a poor abandon'd Creature, dependant on my Bounty; that if you had Kindness to your self or him, or Gratitude towards me, you would act suitable to your Advantage and my Satisfaction, you would consider with what Respect I have treated you, it being in my Power to oblige your Compliance, nevertheless I left you Mistress of my Love and Empire; therefore, if you have any Sense of Generosity, or of the Honour I prefer you, conform your Will to a speedy Consent to my just Desires, I might say, Commands: And though the Wretch *Exilius* has deserv'd Death beyond all Degrees of Mercy, yet I make you Arbitrator of his Lot: If he dies, it is by your Tyranny. Adieu, I leave you to consider on the Event, so make your own Election.

The King being gone, I reflected on his Words, and consider'd with what Goodness and Generosity he had treated me: I could scarce forbear accusing my self of Ingratitude; but then again the Consideration of my Faith given to *Exilius*, render'd me uncapable of gratifying the King's Desires. One while I represented to my self the
Death

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Death of my unhappy Lover, the most faithful and passionate of all Men, dying by my Means, in whose Power it was to save his Life; that noble Life, so useful to the World; that dear Life, that had not only twice saved mine, but that of my Brother the renowned *Asiaticus*, and in him the *Roman* Glory; that vertuous Life, that had subdued Rebels, redeem'd Royal and Nobles Captives, and fix'd the falling Crown of a mighty Monarch. O *Scipiana*, *Scipiana*, (did I say to my self) how canst thou consent to, much less pronounce, the Death of this thy Friend, Lover, and Benefactor, or rather this God-like Hero, the Benefactor of all Mankind! O! no, it is impossible: For I should be the cruelest of Creatures, abhorr'd of all Mankind, and the Odium of future Ages. And then again, considering the Means of saving his Life, which was more cruel than Death, I was in a perfect Exigence and Non plus what to do; both was cruel to Extremity, neither admitting any Degree of Comparison of which was worst. Sometimes I resolv'd to discover my Quality to the King, and get him to send to my Father and the Senate, thereby to protract Time; but then I look'd on that as giving my tacit Consent. I was in this Labyrinth of Thoughts when one brought me a Letter from *Exilius*.

MADAM,

I Flatter my self that my Sincerity is so well known to you, that I need use no previous Arguments to convince you, that I prefer your Happiness before all Things in this World, much before my own Life, which I hope will plead my Excuse, when I not only counsel but beg you to accept of those glorious Offers made you by our Royal Benefactor.

Madam, when Advantage courts and Miseries threaten, we must not suffer our Passions to argue in Opposition, unless we renounce our Reason, the Mark of our Humanity. Nay more, we abandon even the Sense of Animals, if we avoid not a Precipice where we see another fall.

Then give me Leave, Madam, to conjure you to let my Fall be your Security, which will in some Degree make happy, or at least abate the Miseries of,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most humble and
unfortunate Servant,

EXILIUS.

Having read this Letter, I was more confounded than ever. I saw in it such a
Mix-

Mixture of Kindness and Inconstancy as I knew not how to separate or distinguish. Here Friendship, there Interest; here Kindness, there Inconstancy; in this Part Love, in that Reason; but all was so tangled one with another, that I knew not where to fix or begin to unravel his real Thoughts. Sometimes I made tender Reflections on his Kindness, and then my Love increas'd, in Consideration of what he suffer'd for me and presently I disdain'd him as the falsest of Men, and hated my self for having ever lov'd him. My Scorn would shoot up with such Violence, so as to eradicate all those tender Thoughts his Services had planted in my Soul, and the Eyes of my Understanding seem'd open to distinguish between him, a miserable Vagabond, and a Sovereign Monarch, who offer'd me his Crown together with his Love, who had courted me most honourably, and been indulgent to my Humour and capricious Freaks. Thus I rais'd my Thoughts to the highest Pitch of Vanity, and then branch'd them forth, by enumerating the Honours and Antiquities of my Family, the Noble House of the *Scipio's*. Then look'd down with Scorn into the Abyss of his Obscurity, wondering what Power of Darkness, or ill Genius, had level'd this Inequality. A thousand Things I thought, and as many bitter Things I utter'd against

this unworthy perfidious *Exilius*. All which were reported to the King by those Women about me, who endeavour'd to make their Court by their officious Intelligence; and his Majesty would not lose so favourable an Occasion, but order'd all Things to be prepar'd for the speedy Celebration of our Marriage.

But, oh! how inscrutable are the mysterious Turnings of human Cogitations, and how inevitable the Vicissitudes of exterior Events! Both compose Labyrinths for Reason to lose her Way, unless conducted by the Line of Vertue: This I experienc'd, when the King sent me his Commands to dispose my self for a speedy Marriage. Then did all those Resentments I had conceiv'd against *Exilius* vanish, and his Worth appear'd more bright than ever. All his Services and vertuous Affection, his modest long-conceal'd Passion, his tender Declaration, seem'd now to enlarge themselves as Shadows at the Sun's declining. Methought his Sufferings drew that Knot strait which our mutual Vows had ty'd; and that seeming Willingness (in his Letter) to loosen it, serv'd only to tie it faster, and render it impossible to be undone, till cut together with the Thread of our Lives. His Dungeon was much more charming to my Thoughts than that Dignity which courted me. I hated my self, the
King,

King, and all that conduc'd to this my glorious Undoing. I accus'd the Gods that had made me fair, my Parents and *Euro-ean* Education that had render'd me agreeable. Unhappy Maid, (said I to myself) that cannot be in Love with Riches, dote upon Honour, and idolize Grandeur, which carry with them such Charms as enchant and intoxicate the greatest Part of Mankind, and chiefly our Sex, who are said to be their most exact Votaries. Why was I born? Or, why was I born a Female? Or, why did I not die in my Infancy? Or, why did not some foul Disease seize my Youth, to disfigure this unhappy Form, that it might have been Love's Antidote to all Beholders? Or why, O ye immortal Powers! did you not give me a Soul unjust, treacherous, or unfaithful, thereby to render me the Odium of all virtuous People? But why, oh! why have you given me an exterior, bearing so great a Resemblance to your own divine Purities, and not given me the Power to act accordingly; but have fix'd me in such a State, that my Actions must combat my Conscience, and my Conscience oppose my Reason, and all make a civil War in my Affections. Happiness courts me, Misery flies me: I, like a Creature quite irrational, avoid the former, and pursue the latter, which I am bound to do by Inclination and Religion, and forbid by Rea-

166 EXILIUS: Or,

son and Necessity. Vertue and Wisdom which are generally Friends and Allies, in me are utter Enemies; I cannot adhere to the one, nor dare not incline to the other. I am made up of Antipathies and Contradictions, which compose a Chaos of Madness, Misery, and Despair. O ye divine Powers, assist me! O Vertue, be my Guide thro' this Wilderness, into which my cruel Stars have misled me! O all ye immortal Beings, that contributed to raise the *Scipio* to their Grandeur, and each good Genius of my Ancestors, suffer not a Daughter of this noble House, which has been your peculiar Care so many Ages, to fall into Dishonour. Whilst I was thus confusedly entertaining my distracted Thoughts, the King came to make me a Visit. He treated me with cheerful Discourse of Things indifferent, which I receiv'd with all the agreeable Complaisance I could, thereby to screw him up to a good Humour, the better to repeat my Request to him touching *Exilius*. But before any happy Moment gave me Occasion to speak, the Captain of the Guard came in, telling the King, he was come according to his Majesty's Command, to know his Orders about *Exilius*. At which, his Majesty turning towards me, said, Madam, I suppose you have by this Time fix'd your Resolution touching *Exilius*. You know the Conditions of his Life and Death, there

for

fore be pleas'd to give your Sentence. To which I reply'd, all transported with Grief and Anger, saying, *Let him die rather than live, to upbraid me with Falshood and Inconstancy.* Since 'tis your Will (said the King) it shall be so: Then, turning to the Captain, gave Order for his Execution that very Night. This very Night! (reply'd I, all distracted) Can nothing purchase his Life one Night? Yes, (said the King) give me your Hand, and you shall have his Life to Night. Alas! (said I) I will give my Hand, my Life, or anything, to purchase his Life but for a Moment. So giving my Hand, begg'd that *Exilius* might live; to which the King accorded, and forthwith dispatch'd the Captain. Now, you must know, that, in that Country, a Woman never gives her Hand on any Occasion, but gives withal the Assurance of her Person. This I did not well know then, but thought it was as with us, that it might be done on divers Occasions, without Consequence.

I having thus ignorantly given this Assurance to the King, his Majesty express'd greater Transport than is needful to repeat: But I being all Grief and Distraction, begg'd him to leave me; which according he did, vowing he would not defer his Happiness.

Next Morning I heard that *Exilius* was sent away in the most miserable Condition

168 EXILIUS: Or,

in the World, in an old Boat, without Sails, Oars, or any Manner of Provision; which was indeed giving him Life, but accompany'd with such Circumstances, as render'd it worse than Death. This cruel, or rather tyrannical Treatment to him, whom I lov'd above all terrestrial Beings, rais'd in me such Anger, as turn'd to Hatred and Aversion to the King, which, 'till then, had never touch'd my Thoughts: For his Majesty had demean'd himself with so much Goodness and Generosity towards me, that it was impossible for a grateful Soul not to love him as the best of Friends, Masters and Benefactors. To which add his Person truly handsom and graceful, his Humour agreeable and gallant, all his Actions moderate and merciful, (this being the only cruel Action of his Life) that it was impossible for the proudest Beauty, or severest Vertue, not to be touch'd where he address'd. But I, miserable Creature, was dead to all but *Exilius*; his unparalleled Services had taken my Heart, and fortify'd it against all amorous Attacks whatsoever; and now this severe Treatment, he has found, redoubled all its Guards, rendering it more impregnable than ever. Nevertheless, when Word was brought me from the King, that in three Days I must dispose myself for his Espousals, I cannot tell you in what a Consternation of Mind I pass'd

Sails, my Hours; 'tis certain, that in two Days I
which neither eat nor slept, and resolv'd never
more to gratify or assist Nature in that
der'd Kind, but leave her to be vanquish'd and
overcome by Death, her everlasting Enemy :
In wh'ch I pleas'd myself, to think I should
be reveng'd on the King; and, for that Rea-
son, spitefully wish'd the Augmentation of
his Love, that his Affliction might be the
more insupportable. This Despair chang'd
my Desires, and I saw, in the dark Recess
of Death, that Glimmering of Satisfaction,
which the dazzl'd Eyes of my Understand-
ing were not capable to behold elsewhere;
but like Wolves, and other wild Beasts of
Prey, who see best in the Night, this black
Despair, which benighted my Reason, made
me see Happiness in Malice, Rancour, and
Revenge.

The Evening before the Day appointed
for our Marriage, the Captain of the Guard,
our *Roman* Friend, sent one to let me know,
that he was mortally wounded in a Ren-
counter, and desir'd to speak with me spee-
dily. At my Arrival, he told me, that he
could not die in Quiet, nor hope for Mercy
from the Gods, 'till he had reveal'd and
ask'd Pardon for his Treason committed
against me and *Exilius*. It was I, Madam,
(continu'd he) who being perfect in the
Roman Language, and knew your Cha-
racter, counterfeited that Letter from *Ex-*
ilius

170 EXILIUS: Or,

lius to you, and likewise one from you to him. Your Stile, as well as Character, on both Sides, were so well represented, that I think neither of you mistrusted, or thought of any Deceit; for as your Letter to him was full of Devotion and Submission to the Will of the Gods, so his to you was grounded on Reason, and the Necessity of obeying its Rudiments. These were the Topicks on which I founded my perswasive Arguments to you both, as knowing these two, *to wit*, Religion in you, and Reason in him, to be the Regents of your vertuous Souls; which reign'd with an Authority never to be controld. It was I, Madam, this wretched repenting Creature, who brought him secretly into your Closet, where he saw you give your Hand to the King; which in this Country is never done, but on the Account of Marriage. It was I that contriv'd that cunning Placing of our Words, and tuning our Voice so, that he believ'd you begg'd his speedy Death of the King, as being loth to have a living Witness of your Inconstancy; so that he believes you not only false and marry'd to the King, but also pleas'd and fond of this your glorious Perjury. Thus is this most excellent and faithful of all Lovers the most wrong'd and abused of all Men.

At the Knowledge hereof, Good Gods! how violent was the Passion that seiz'd me!

I told

The Banish'd Roman. 171

I told him, that nothing but the Destruction of *Egypt* should satisfy my Revenge, unless he could invent some Means to prevent or escape this Marriage: I will (said I) declare before the Altar of *Hymen*, that I am Daughter to *Publius Scipio*, a *Roman* Senator, and therefore ought not to be marry'd without the Consent of the Senate; so, in the Presence of the Gods and all the People, refuse my Consent, and swear never to be at Rest 'till *Egypt* be by *Rome* destroy'd. The Captain was surpriz'd at the Knowledge of my Quality; but soon recollected himself, and told me, that I spake like a true noble *Roman*, and Daughter of that honourable Family: But (said he) it is much easier to avoid, than revenge the Blow. If your *Roman* Courage will support you to undertake the Enterprize which I shall counsel, I doubt not but you may accomplish your Escape. And therewithal he told me he would send a Suit of Cloaths of his Livery, in which, befriended by the Night, I might escape without Suspicion. This Proposal pleas'd me beyond Expression; I thank'd, forgave, and pray'd for him, then return'd to my Lodging, where I attended the Performance of his Promise, which was not long, for in few Hours he sent me the Disguise; but before I left my Apartment, I wrote these few Words to the King.

Royal

Royal SIR,

Since the poor Exilia is escap'd, as not being worthy those Honours offer'd by your Majesty, she humbly begs you will cast your Eyes on Fabiel, who in her Retreat sighs for you, and is, no Doubt, that Roman design'd by the Gods for your Majesty; her Birth and Beauty in some Degree qualify her for it; her virtuous Inclination lay Claim to it; her being a Roman, entitles her to the Divine Prediction: Then, Royal Sir, oppose not Heaven and your own Happiness, in thinking on the unfortunate

EXILIA.

Having left this little Billet, I made my Escape without Difficulty or Opposition, and got safe to the Port of *Alexandria*, where I found a Vessel bound for *Italy*, ready to go off; in which Fortune favour'd me so well, that I got hither safe; where, for an Augmentation of my Happiness, I found you, my dear Cousin, in the Grove, and forgetting the Disguise I wore, embraced you with much Joy and Transport.

The END of the first Part.



EXILIUS: